

THE
SECOND-CLASS READER:

DESIGNED FOR

THE USE OF THE MIDDLE CLASSES OF SCHOOLS
IN
THE UNITED STATES.



BY B. D. EMERSON,
LATE PRINCIPAL OF THE ADAMS GRAMMAR-SCHOOL, BOSTON.

PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED BY HOGAN AND THOMPSON,
No. 30, NORTH FOURTH STREET.

1839.

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Descriptions of natural scenery and works of art, and narratives enforcing some moral truth, or illustrating some striking trait of human character, have been deemed appropriate, and frequently admitted, as well as some selections from moral writers in the strictly didactic form.

The poetical selections are principally descriptive, narrative or pathetic. Drawn as they are from the works of standard poets, the style is of course pure and classical; care has been taken that the imagery and allusions should not be beyond the comprehension of children.

In preparing this series of school readers, it has been an object to give the whole a consistent and progressive character, and to avoid repeating in the different volumes, not only the same selections, but in most cases, those which might be considered equivalent, with respect to their subject, or the purpose to be answered by their introduction into the work.

How far the objects, aimed at in this volume, have been accomplished, the impartial will judge. If teachers of youth shall find it an auxiliary in their honorable vocation, of cultivating the intellectual powers of their pupils, as well as disciplining their organs of speech, the compiler's wishes will be realized and his reward ample.

B. D. E

Boston Oct. 12 1833

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SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

In the First-Class Reader, we took the liberty to suggest the propriety of introducing into schools, in connexion with the reading lessons, a system of explanation and interrogation essentially the same with that which is practised in the Edinburgh Sessional School, under the superintendence of Mr. Wood. We there gave a specimen of the mode of interrogation to be used with the First-Class Reader, and promised similar specimens suited to the subsequent volumes of the Series.

The questions in this part of the course, should necessarily be much more simple and easy to be answered. They should refer less frequently to the general information of the pupil, as being younger and less informed. When applied to lessons in the early part of the volume, they should be fewer and easier than in the latter part; and in the progress of the pupil through the volume, and indeed through the whole series, it should be made an object to draw out, at each examination, any of the knowledge acquired at a preceding exercise, which may be more or less nearly connected with the subject of the lesson under consideration.

We present two specimens of the mode of examining pupils, which we consider suited to the capacities of children, at the age when the present volume is intended to be placed in their hands. The first is such a series of questions as we would put to a child when reading the early part of the volume, or going over the other parts for the first time. It is confined chiefly to those points, upon which information

is conveyed in the piece itself, sufficient to furnish answers
The other specimen refers more to topics of general information, and is intended for pupils who have nearly finished the volume, or are going through it for the second time.

FIRST SPECIMEN FOR EXAMINATION.

The Murdered Traveller.

WHEN spring, to woods and wastes around,
Brought bloom and joy again,
The murdered traveller's bones were found
Far down a narrow glen.

The fragrant birch, above him, hung
Her tassels in the sky;
And many a vernal blossom sprung,
And nodded, careless, by.

The red-bird warbled, as he wrought
His hanging nest o'erhead,
And, fearless, near the fatal spot,
Her young the partridge led.

But there was weeping far away,
And gentle eyes, for him,
With watching many an anxious day
Grew sorrowful and dim.

They little knew, who loved him so,
The fearful death he met,
When shouting o'er the desert snow,
Unarmed, and hard beset;

Nor how, when round the frosty pole
The northern dawn was red,
The mountain wolf and wild-cat stole
To banquet on the dead;

Nor how, when strangers found his bones,
They dressed the hasty bier,
And marked his grave with nameless stones
Unmoistened by a tear.

But long they looked, and feared, and wept,
Within his distant home,
And dreamed, and started as they slept,
For joy that he was come.

So long they looked, but never spied
His welcome step again,
Nor knew the fearful death he died,
Far down that narrow glen.

QUESTIONS.

Where were the murdered traveller's bones found?
When? What kind of tree grew over the place where
he lay? Why is it called fragrant? What sort of
blossoms grew near? What birds lived near the place?
How did they employ themselves there? What do you
know about the partridge? What domestic bird is it like?
How were the friends of the traveller affected by his loss?
How long did they watch for him to return? Did they
know his fate? At what season of the year was he killed?
How do you know what season it was? Was he
armed? Did he cry for help? What became of his
body? Who found his bones? How did they dispose
of them? Why was not his name put on the grave
stones? Why did not those who buried him mourn for
him? Did his friends at home show any interest in his
fate? How? Did they ever know what became of
him? Tell the story of the murdered traveller as well as
you can, after having read and studied the verses.

SECOND SPECIMEN FOR EXAMINATION

Perseverance.

The celebrated conqueror, Timour the Tartar, was once forced to take shelter from his enemies in a ruined building. There he sat alone for several hours. After some time, desirous of diverting his mind from his hopeless condition, he fixed his attention on an ant, which was attempting to carry a grain of corn, larger than itself, up a high wall.

Its efforts, however, were unsuccessful. Again and again it strove to accomplish its object—and failed. Still undaunted, it returned to its task, and sixty-nine times did Timour see the grain fall to the ground. But the seventieth time the ant reached the top of the wall with its prize; and ‘the sight’ said the conqueror, who had just before been despairing, ‘gave me courage at the moment, and I have never forgotten the lesson it conveyed.’

QUESTIONS.

Who was Timour? Of what country was he a native? Where is that country situated? How bounded? What do you know of its inhabitants, productions, &c? What misfortune befell Timour? Where did he find a shelter? How did he divert his mind from his misfortunes? How was the ant, which he observed, employed? Does the term corn apply to other things besides Indian corn? What kinds of grain are included under the word corn, taken in its more extended sense? How did the ant behave when he failed in his enterprise? How many times did he renew the attempt? What was the result? What was the effect of this incident on the warrior? What did he remember? Give an outline of the story, as well as you can? What do you understand to be the lesson or moral conveyed by this incident?

THE
SECOND-CLASS READER.

LESSON I.

Select Sentences and Paragraphs.

INNOCENCE is better than repentance.

He that is extravagant will quickly become poor.

If you behave better in one place than in another, let it be at home.

To say little and perform much, is the characteristic of a great mind.

He who seriously intends to repent to-morrow, should, in all reason, begin to-day.

A general neglect of the education of youth, would be like a poisonous blast in the spring, destroying the hopes of a future harvest.

The transient day of sinful pleasure, is followed by a dark and tempestuous night of sorrow.

The virtue of youth is modesty; and when a young person has lost his modesty, possess what he will, he is an object of horror.

It should be a general rule, never to utter any thing in conversation which would justly dishonor us, if it should be reported to the world.

The first years of man must make provision for the last. He that never thinks can never be wise.

We should have some employment for our faculties as well as for our hands and feet; and we must not let our thoughts run to waste, any more than our time.

Never leave that to be done the next hour, which may properly be done now, nor dare to put off till to-morrow the business which you may as well begin to-day.

Whatsoever we shall wish we had done when grief and sickness, loss and disappointment, old age and death, come upon us, that we ought to do in every part of life.

An old age unsupported with matter for discourse and meditation, is much to be dreaded. No state can be more destitute than that of him, who, when the delights of sense forsake him, has no pleasures of the mind.

A good man shines amiably through all the obscurity of his low condition; and a wicked man is a poor little wretch in the midst of all his grandeur.

Last night, it is probable, many a gay youth threw himself upon the bed whence he shall arise no more, and many a busy head reposed itself on that pillow, where it shall sleep on now and take its rest.

If you are wise, study virtue, and condemn every thing that can come in competition with it. Remember that nothing else deserves one anxious thought or wish. Remember that this alone is honor, glory, wealth, and happiness. Secure this, and you secure every thing. Lose this, and all is lost.

When the essential qualities of the heart and the understanding are attained, exterior decorations may be innocently and wisely sought. But it is folly to waste time upon the setting and the polish, till the diamond itself is secured.

Could children and youth but see how hateful and dangerous, how displeasing to God, and how offensive to all good men, is the spirit of obstinacy, they would resolve upon making any sacrifice, rather than walk in the sight of their own eyes, and oppose their will to that of their best and wisest friends.

How wide is the distance between the knowledge of our duty and the practice of it! There is a gulf between them which many never pass; and fortunate are the few, whose own experience has not taught them, that to pass it, requires no ordinary degree of persevering and vigorous exertion.

The day of our dissolution will be to us an evil day, if our consciences do not acquit us, and reconcile us in some measure to that great change, by giving us the hope of forgiveness, and of peaceful abodes in a better world. That is the solemn hour, when hypocrisy usually drops the mask, and when borrowed virtues disappear.

Moralists all talk of the uncertainty of fortune, and the transitory nature of beauty; but it is yet more dreadful to consider, that the powers of the mind are equally liable to change, that understanding may make its appearance and depart, that it may blaze and expire.

Youth and health are with difficulty made to comprehend

how frail a machine the human body is, and how easily impaired by excesses. But effects will follow their causes; and intemperate pleasure is sure to be succeeded by long-enduring pains, for which there is no prevention, and for the most part, no remedy. Hence it is that life is shortened, and, while it lasts, is full of languor, disease, and suffering.

To dread no eye, and to suspect no tongue, is the great prerogative of innocence; an exemption granted only to invariable virtue. But guilt has always its horrors and solitudes; and to make it yet more shameful and detestable, it is doomed often to stand in awe of those, to whom nothing could give influence or weight, but their power of betraying.

LESSON II.

Short Stories.

SIR John Eardley Wilmot, on being appointed Chief Justice, said to one of his sons, a youth about seventeen years of age, 'Now, my son, I will tell you a secret worth your knowing and remembering. The elevation I have met with in life, particularly this last instance of it, has not been owing to any superior merit or abilities, but to my not having set up myself above others, and to an uniform endeavor to pass through life, void of offence towards God and man.'

Lady Jane Grey, the very night before she suffered death, addressed the following exhortation to her sister, in a letter written at the end of a Greek Testament:—'I here send you, good sister Catharine, a book which, though it be not outwardly trimmed with gold, yet inwardly is of more worth than precious stones. It is the book, my dear sister, of the law of the Lord, and it will lead you into the path of eternal life.'

At a time when violence attended every proceeding in which religion was concerned, Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, three eminent bishops, were confined together in a small apartment in the Tower. Their straitened accommodations, however, were amply made up to them by the comfort of each other's society. They carried their bibles with them; and on these they employed their prison-hours;

fortifying their faith, and extracting topics of consolation. 'Such,' observes a pious writer, 'are the scenes in which we are to look for the triumphs of religion. Where its great principles are firmly rooted in the heart, human joys, and human griefs, and human fears, are trivial things.'

Mungo Park, the enlightened traveller, who undertook to explore the interior of Africa, relates that being one day in the midst of a vast desert, and in circumstances of such overwhelming distress, that he was ready to lie down and perish, a beautiful little moss accidentally caught his eye. The reflection occurred:—'Surely that Being who planted, watered, and brought to perfection, in this obscure part of the world, so minute and apparently insignificant a flower, cannot look with unconcern upon the situation and sufferings of creatures, formed after His own image!' This thought gave him the relief and fortitude which he needed.

The learned and pious Richard Hooker, when about eighteen years of age, had a dangerous illness, that lasted two months; during all which time, his mother watched over him with the utmost tenderness, and, in her hourly prayers, implored his life of God.—Mr. Hooker would frequently mention this circumstance with much satisfaction, and pray that he might never live to occasion any sorrow to so affectionate a mother; whom, he would often say, he loved so dearly, that he would endeavor to be good, even as much for her sake, as for his own.

When Joseph's brothers were leaving him, to return home, he kindly and wisely said to them, 'See that ye fall not out by the way.'—How comfortably and pleasantly would brothers and sisters, friends and neighbors, live together, if they were but to remember, and follow, this excellent advice!

An amiable child (the daughter of Dr. Doddridge) who died at the early age of five years, being, on some occasion, asked by her father, what made every body love her so well, answered, 'Indeed, Papa, I cannot think, unless it be because I love every body.'

When Socrates was asked why he had built for himself so small a house, 'Small as it is,' he replied, 'I wish I could fill it with friends.'—These, indeed, are all that a wise man would desire to assemble; for a crowd is not company, faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love.

It is related of Pythagoras, an eminent philosopher of

antiquity, that before he would admit any one as a pupil into his school, he was accustomed to inquire, who were his associates:—justly concluding that those, who could keep bad company, would not be much profited by his instructions.

Mr. Ledyard, a distinguished traveller, who had walked through almost all the countries of Europe, and at last died in an expedition to the wilds of Africa, bore this most pleasing testimony to the compassion and tenderness of women, whether savage or civilized:—‘To a woman I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. If I was hungry or thirsty, wet or sick, they did not hesitate, like men, to perform a generous action: in so free and kind a manner did they contribute to my relief, that if I was thirsty, I drank the sweetest draught, and if hungry, I ate the coarsest morsel with a double relish.’

When Virgil was asked, why he studied so much accuracy in the plan of his poems, the propriety of his characters, and the purity of his diction, he replied, ‘I am writing for eternity.’—What can be a more weighty consideration to justify and enforce the utmost vigilance and circumspection of life than this, ‘I am living for eternity?’

Sir John Mason, Privy-Counsellor to King Henry the Eighth, made this declaration, in his last moments: ‘I have seen five princes, and have been privy-counsellor to four. I have seen the most remarkable things in foreign parts, and been present at most state-transactions, for thirty years together, and have learned this, after such long experience,—that seriousness is the greatest wisdom, and a good conscience the best estate.’

Sir Philip Sidney, the pride and ornament of his age, was nobly supported in the hour of death. After much serious conversation on the benefit of afflictions, he lifted up his eyes and hands, and said, with a cheerful, smiling countenance, ‘I would not change my joy for the empire of the world.’—Perceiving that he had but a few moments to live, he turned to his afflicted brother, and left with him this last farewell: ‘Love my memory; cherish my friends: but, above all, govern your will and affections by the will and word of your Creator; in me beholding the end of this world and all its vanities.’

Mr. Locke, whose virtues did honor to the Christian name, about two months before his death, wrote a letter to an intimate friend, and left this direction upon it:—‘To be

opened after my decease.'—It closes with these words:—
'May you live long and happily, in the enjoyment of health, freedom, content, and all those blessings which Providence has bestowed upon you' I know you loved me living, and will preserve my memory now I am dead. All the use to be made of it is, that this life is a scene of vanity which soon passes away, and affords no solid satisfaction, but in the consciousness of doing well, and in the hopes of another life. This is what I can say upon experience; and what you will find to be true, when you come to make up the account.'

When the justly celebrated Addison was at the point of death, he sent for Lord Warwick, a young man nearly related to him, and finely accomplished, but very irregular in his conduct. He arrived. Life, however, barely glimmered in the socket; and the dying friend was silent. After a proper pause, the youth addressed him: 'Dear Sir, you sent for me: I hope you have some commands: I shall hold them most sacred.'—May the reply make a lasting impression on all who read it!—Addison took him by the hand and softly said, 'See in what peace a Christian can die.'—He spoke with difficulty, and soon expired. In Tickell's excellent Elegy on the Death of Addison, are these lines,

'He taught us how to live; and, oh! too high
The price of knowledge, taught us how to die:'—

in which the poet alludes to this moving interview.

The late Dr. Leechman was visited, in his last illness, by a young man of noble family, whom with a venerable aspect, an animated eye, a distinct though feeble articulation, he addressed in these words, 'You see the situation I am in: I have not many days to live; and I am glad you have an opportunity of witnessing the tranquillity of my last moments: but it is not tranquillity and composure alone; it is joy and triumph; it is complete exultation:'—his features kindled, his voice rose as he spoke:—'and whence,' continued he 'does this exultation spring? From that book'—pointing to a Bible that lay on a little table, by his bedside—'from that book, too much neglected indeed, but which contains invaluable treasures, treasures of joy and rejoicing; for it makes us certain that this mortal shall put on immortality.'

LESSON III.

The Human Frame.—STURM.

How wonderful is the union of my soul with my body! I daily find that, when the rays of light are reflected from external objects, my soul forms a conception of the magnitude, figure, and color of these objects. I find, that when a certain tremulous motion of the air penetrates my ears, my soul receives an idea of sound. By these means I have a perception of a thousand changes that take place around me, and even obtain a knowledge of the thoughts of others.

I find, that, whenever my soul is desirous that my body shall move from one place to another, and do this or that, the members of my body instantly comply with the suggestions of my soul; that my arms, hands, and legs, immediately set themselves in motion to execute their respective functions. All these are incontestable facts; but how these changes take place is beyond my comprehension. In this influence of the soul upon the body, and the body upon the soul, is displayed a wisdom too profound for me to fathom; and the result of all my researches on this subject is astonishment and admiration.

My body, separately considered, is a surprising masterpiece of the Creator. It has nothing superfluous, nothing deficient. Every member is placed in the most convenient situation, whether for service or for ornament. My body was made to answer more than one purpose, and to fulfil various functions. It was intended, in the first place, for a medium to convey to the soul, in various ways, information concerning external objects.

To this end it is provided with the organs of sight, of hearing, of smelling, of taste, and of feeling. Each of these is a miracle of the Divine power and wisdom. That the body may be serviceable to the soul in the perception of external objects, and in many other respects, it is necessary that it should be movable. And what a number of parts concur to accomplish this end. The bones, the joints, the ligaments, the muscles, susceptible of contraction and expansion, give my body and its members the faculty of moving in a thousand ways.

But so wonderful a machine must sustain a continual loss

by its motions, and the performance of its various functions. This loss must be repaired. Thus other parts became necessary,—some to receive the aliments; others to grind them; others to digest them, and to separate their nutritious juices; others to circulate these juices through the body, and to convey to each member the portion of which it stands in need. All these parts are actually found in my body, and so constructed that the end for which they were destined is perfectly accomplished.

LESSON IV.

The Bible.—BICKERSTETH.

THE word BIBLE means *book*, and the sacred volume is so called, because it is the book of books—the best book. The word SCRIPTURE signifies *writings*. The Bible was not written at one time, or by one person; but consists of various parts, written at different times by different men. It is divided into two Testaments, called the *Old* and the *New*, chiefly with reference to the time when they were published; the *Old* having been published before the coming of Christ, and the *New* after his death.

As a testament, the Bible is the will of our gracious Redeemer, full of noble gifts and legacies, confirmed to us by the death of the Testator. The great promise of the *Old* Testament is a Savior to come; the *New* shows us that this Savior is come, and gives us another great promise, (though this promise is not excluded from the *Old*,) the promise of the Holy Ghost.

The *Apocrypha*, sometimes bound up with the Bible, is no part of the inspired volume, and has no Divine authority. The books which compose it were not admitted into the sacred canon until the Council of Trent, which was held in the year 1550, under Pope Pius IV., and they have therefore no claim to be considered a part of the Word of God.

The *Canon of Scripture* is that body of sacred books which serves for the rule of faith and practice. It is the authorized catalogue of sacred writings. The word *canon* is derived from a Greek word signifying *rule*.

The Old Testament was chiefly written in the Hebrew language, and the New Testament in the Greek. The pre-

sent authorized English Bible was translated out of the original languages in the reign of King James I. Where LORD is printed in capital letters, it is, in the original, Jehovah, or self-existent and independent Being.

The word Lord, in the common characters, is, in the original, Adonai—that is, Ruler or Sustainer. This distinction may be observed, Psa. cx. 1., and elsewhere. Such words as are printed in italics, are used to complete the sense in the translation, there being no corresponding original words. In the margin of the larger Bibles, there are *references* to parallel or similar passages, the knowledge of which often helps us in understanding the Scriptures.

There are also *various readings*; for when the excellent translators of the Bible thought any passage might justly bear a different construction, they have put this in the margin. And where they thought that the idioms of the English language would not permit them to translate the Hebrew literally into English, they still put the literal translation in the margin.

This is pointed out in the Old Testament by putting *Heb.* before it,—that is, literally in the Hebrew; and in the New Testament, *Gr.*,—that is, literally in the Greek. The books of the Bible, when first written, were not divided into chapters and verses. This was a modern invention, useful in many respects; but the sense is frequently obscured by it. Thus the 1st verse of 2d Corinthians, 7th chapter, should be read along with the 6th chapter.

In order to obtain a general view of the plan and connexion of any particular book, we should disregard this arbitrary division. The names in the New Testament are sometimes differently spelled from what they are in the Old: thus Isaiah is called Esaias; Joshua, Jesus; Hosea, Osee, &c. This should be kept in mind to prevent us mistaking the names that frequently occur in reading.

LESSON V.

Winter. — JAY.

THE scenes around us have assumed a new and chilling appearance. The trees are shorn of their foliage, the hedges are laid bare, the fields and favorite walks have lost their

charms, and the garden, now that it yields no perfumes and offers no fruits, is, like a friend in adversity, forsaken. The tuneful tribes are dumb, the cattle no longer play in the meadows, the north wind blows. 'He sendeth abroad his ice like morsels; who can stand before his cold?'—We rush in for shelter.

But winter is not without its uses. It aids the system of life and vegetation; it kills the seeds of infection; it refines the blood; it strengthens the nerves; it braces the whole frame. Snow is a warm covering for the grass; and, while it defends the tender blades from nipping frosts, it also nourishes their growth. When the snow thaws, it becomes a genial moisture to the soil into which it sinks; and thus the glebe is replenished with nutriment to produce the bloom of spring and the bounty of autumn.

Winter has also its pleasures. I love to hear the roaring of the wind,—I love to see the figures which the frost has painted on the glass,—I love to watch the red-breast with his slender legs, standing at the window, and knocking with his bill to ask for the crumbs which fall from the table. Is it not pleasant to view a landscape whitened with snow?—to gaze upon the trees and hedges dressed in such sparkling lustre?—to behold the rising sun laboring to pierce the morning fog, and gradually causing objects to emerge from it by little and little, and appear in their own forms; whilst the mist rolls up the side of the hill and is seen no more?

Winter is a season in which we should feel gratitude for our comforts. How much more temperate is our climate than that of many other countries! Think of those who live within the polar circle, dispersed, exposed to beasts of prey, their poor huts furnishing only a wretched refuge! They endure months of perpetual night, and by the absence of heat almost absolute barrenness reigns around. But we have houses to defend us, and clothes to cover us, and fires to warm us, and beds to comfort us, and provisions to nourish us. How becoming, in our circumstances, is gratitude to God!

This season calls upon us to exercise benevolence. While we are enjoying every comfort which the tenderness of Providence can afford, let us think of the indigent and the miserable. Let us think of those whose poor hovels and shattered panes cannot screen them from the piercing cold. Let us think of the old and the infirm, of the sick and the diseased. O let 'the blessing of them that are ready to

perish come upon us.' Who would not deny himself superfluities, and something more, that his bounty may visit 'the fatherless and the widows in their affliction.'

This season is instructive as an emblem. Here is the picture of thy life:—Thy flowery spring, thy summer strength, thy sober autumn, are all hastening into winter. Decay and death will soon, very soon, lay all waste! What provision hast thou made for the evil day? Hast thou been laying up treasure in heaven?—hast thou been laboring for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life?

Soon spring will dawn again upon us with its beauty and its songs. And 'we, according to his promise, look for new heavens and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness.' No winter there; but we shall flourish in perpetual spring, in endless youth, in everlasting life!

LESSON VI.

The Snow. — MOIR.

THE snow! the snow!—'t is a pleasant thing
To watch it falling, falling
Down upon earth with noiseless wing
As at some spirit's calling;
Each flake is a fairy parachute,
From teeming clouds let down,
And earth is still, and air is mute,
As frost's enchanted zone.

The snow! the snow!—behold the trees
Their fingery boughs stretch out,
The blossoms of the sky to seize,
As they duck and dive about:
The bare hills plead for a covering,
And, ere the gray twilight,
Around their shoulders broad shall cling
An arctic cloak of white.

The snow! the snow!—alas! to me
It speaks of far-off days,
When a boyish skater, mingling free
Amid the merry maze:

Methinks I see the broad ice still;
And my nerves all jangling feel,
Blending with tones of voices shrill
The ring of the slider's heel.

The snow! the snow!—soon dusky night
Drew his murky curtains round
Low earth, while a star of lustre bright
Peeped from the blue profound.
Yet what cared we for darkening lea,
Or warning bell remote?
With shout and cry we scudded by,
And found the bliss we sought.

The snow! the snow!—'t was ours to wage
How oft, a mimic war,
Each white ball tossing in wild rage,
That left a gorgeous scar:
While doublets dark were powdered o'er,
Till darkness none could find,
And valorous chiefs had wounds before,
And caitiff chiefs behind.

The snow! the snow!—I see him yet,
That piled-up giant grim,
To startle horse and traveller set,
With Titan girth of limb.
We hoped, oh, ice-ribbed Winter bright!
Thy sceptre could have screened him;
But traitor Thaw stole forth by night,
And cruelly guillotined him!

The snow! the snow! Lo! Eve reveals
Her starred map to the moon,
And o'er hushed earth a radiance steals
More bland than that of noon:
The fur-robed genii of the Pole
Dance o'er our mountains white,
Chain up the billows as they roll,
And pearl the caves with light.

The snow! the snow! It brings to mind
A thousand happy things,
And but one sad one—'t is to find
Too sure that Time hath wings!

Oh! ever sweet is sight or sound
That tells of long ago;
And I gaze around, with thoughts profound,
Upon the falling snow.

LESSON VII.

The Spring.—MRS. HOWITT.

THE Spring—she is a blessed thing!
She is the mother of the flowers;
She is the mate of birds and bees,
The partner of their revelries,
Our star of hope through wintry hours

The many children, when they see
Her coming, by the budding thorn,
They leap upon the cottage floor,
They shout beside the cottage door,
And run to meet her night and morn.

They are soonest with her in the woods,
Peeping, the withered leaves among,
To find the earliest fragrant thing
That dares from the cold earth to spring,
Or catch the earliest wild-bird's song.

The little brooks run on in light,
As if they had a chase of mirth;
The skies are blue, the air is balm;
Our very hearts have caught the charm
That sheds a beauty over earth.

The aged man is in the field,
The maiden 'mong her garden flowers;
The sons of sorrow and distress
Are wandering in forgetfulness
Of wants that fret and care that lowers.

She comes with more than present good—
With joys to store for future years,
From which, in striving crowds apart,
The bowed in spirit, bruised in heart,
May glean up hope with grateful tears.

Up—let us to the fields away,
And breathe the fresh and balmy air:
The bird is building in the tree,
The flower has opened to the bee,
And health and love and peace are there.

LESSON VIII.

Curious Structure of Animals.—LIBRARY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

THE fitness of different animals by their bodily structure, to the circumstances in which they are found, presents an endless subject of curious inquiry and pleasing contemplation. Thus the *Camel* which lives in sandy deserts, has broad spreading hoofs to support him on the loose soil; and an apparatus in his body by which water is kept for many days, to be used when no moisture can be had.

As this would be useless in the neighborhood of streams or wells, and as it would be equally so in the desert where no water is to be found, there can be no doubt that it is intended to assist in journeying across the sands from one watered spot to another.

There is a singular and beautiful provision made in this animal's foot, for enabling it to sustain the fatigue of journeys under the pressure of its great weight. Beside the yielding of the bones and ligaments, or bindings, which gives elasticity to the foot of the deer and other animals, there is in the camel's foot, between the horny sole and the bones, a cushion, like a ball, which is of soft matter, almost fluid, but in which there is a mass of thread extremely elastic, interwoven with the pulpy substance.

The cushion thus easily changes its shape when pressed, yet it has such an elastic spring, that the bones of the foot press on it uninjured by the heavy body which they support, and this huge animal steps as softly as a cat.

Nor need we flee to the desert in order to witness an example of skilful structure: the limbs of the *Horse* display it strikingly. The bones of the feet are not placed directly under the weight; if they were in an upright position, they would make a firm pillar, and every motion would cause a shock. They are placed in a slanting or oblique direction,

and tied together by an elastic binding on their lower surfaces, so as to form springs as exact as those which we make of leather and steel for carriages.

Then the flatness of the hoof which stretches out on each side, and the frog coming down in the middle between the quarters, adds greatly to the elasticity of the machine. Ignorant of this, ill-informed farriers nail the shoe in such a manner as to fix the quarters, and cause permanent contraction of the bones, ligaments, and hoof—so that the elasticity is destroyed; every step is a shock; inflammation and lameness ensue.

The *Rein-deer* inhabits a country covered with snow the greater part of the year. Observe how admirably its hoof is formed for going over that cold and light substance, without sinking in it, or being frozen. The under side is covered entirely with hair, of a warm and close texture; and the hoof, altogether, is very broad, acting exactly like the snow-shoes which men have constructed, for giving them a larger space to stand on than their feet, and thus avoid sinking.

Moreover, the deer spreads the hoof as widely as possible when it touches the ground; but, as this breadth would be inconvenient in the air, by occasioning a greater resistance while he is moving along, no sooner does he lift the hoof than the two parts into which it is cloven, fall together, and so lessen the surface exposed to the air, just as we may recollect the birds doing with their bodies and wings.

The shape and structure of the hoof also well adapt it to scrape away the snow, and enable the animal to get at the particular kind of moss on which he feeds. This plant, unlike others, is in its full growth during the winter season; and the *Rein-deer* accordingly thrives, from its abundance, at the season of his greatest use to man, notwithstanding the unfavorable effects of extreme cold upon the animal system.

The *Ostrich* lays and hatches her eggs in the sands: her form being ill adapted for sitting on them, she has a natural oven furnished by the sand, and the strong heat of the sun.

The *Cuckoo* is known to build no nest for herself, but to lay in the nests of other birds; late observations, however, show that she does not lay indiscriminately in the nests of all birds: she only chooses the nests of those which have bills of the same kind with her own, and therefore feed on the same kind of food.

The *Duck*, and other birds breeding in muddy places,

have a peculiar formation of the bill: it is both made so as to act like a strainer, separating the finer from the grosser parts of the liquid, and it is more furnished with nerves near the point, than the bills of birds which feed on substances more exposed to the light; so that being more sensitive, it serves better to grope in the dark stream for food.

The bill of the *Snipe* is covered with a curious net work of nerves for the same purpose; but the most singular provision of this kind is observed in a bird called the *Toucan*, or *Egg-sucker*, which feeds chiefly on the eggs found in birds' nests, and in countries where these are very deep and dark.

Its bill is broad and long: when examined, it appears completely covered with branches of nerves in all directions; so that, by groping in a deep and dark nest, it can feel its way as accurately as the finest and most delicate finger could.

Almost all kinds of birds build their nests of materials found where they inhabit, or use the nests of other birds; but the *Swallow of Java* lives in rocky caverns by the sea, where there are no materials at all for the purpose of building. It is therefore so formed as to secrete in its body a kind of slime with which it makes a nest, much prized as a delicate food in Eastern countries.

LESSON IX.

Curious Structure of Plants.—LIBRARY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

PLANTS, in many remarkable instances, are provided for by wonderful and skilful contrivances. There is one, the *Muscipula*, *Fly-trap* or *Fly-catcher*, which has small prickles in the inside of two leaves, or half leaves, joined by a hinge; a juice or sirup is provided on their inner surface, which acts as a bait to allure flies.

There are several small spines or prickles standing upright in this sirup, and upon the only part of each leaf that is sensitive to the touch. When the fly, therefore, settles upon this part, its touching, as it were, the spring of the trap, occasions the leaves to shut, and kill and squeeze the insect, whose juices and the air arising from their rotting serve as food to the plant.

In the West Indies, and other hot countries of South America, where rain sometimes does not fall for a great length of time, a kind of plant called the *Wild-pine* grows upon the branches of the trees, and also on the back of the trunk. It has hollow or bag-like leaves so formed as to make little reservoirs of water, the rain falling into them through channels which close at the top when full, and prevent it from evaporating.

The seed of this useful plant has small floating threads, by which, when carried through the air, it catches any tree in the way, and falls on it and grows. Wherever it takes root, though on the under side of a bough, it grows straight upwards, otherwise the leaves would not hold water.

It holds in one leaf from a pint to a quart; and although it must be of great use to the trees it grows on, to birds and other animals its use is even greater. 'When we find these pines,' says Dampier, the famous navigator, 'we stick our knives into the leaves just above the root, and the water gushing out, we catch it in our hats, as I myself have frequently done to my great relief.'

Another tree, called the *Water-with* in Jamaica, has similar uses: it is like a vine in size and shape, and though growing in parched districts, is yet so full of clear sap or water, that, by cutting a piece two or three yards long, and merely holding it to the mouth, a plentiful draught is obtained.

In the East there is a plant somewhat of the same kind called the *Bejuco*, which grows near other trees and twines round them, with its end hanging downwards, but so full of juice, that on cutting it, a good stream of water spouts from it; and this, not only by the stalk touching the tree so closely must refresh it, but affords a supply to animals, and to the weary herdsman on the mountains.

Another plant, the *Nepenthes Distillatoria*, is found in the same regions, with a yet more singular structure. It has natural mugs or tankards hanging from its leaves, and holding each from a pint to a quart of very pure water.

Two singular provisions are to be marked in this vegetable. There grows over the mouth of the tankard a leaf nearly its size and shape, like a lid or cover, which prevents evaporation from the sun's rays; and the water that fills the tankard is perfectly sweet and clear, although the ground in which the plant grows is a marsh of the most muddy and unwholesome kind. The process of vegetation

filtrates or distils the liquid, so as to produce from the worst, the purest water.

The *Palo de Vaca*, or Cow-tree, grows in South America, upon the most dry and rocky soil, and in a climate where for months not a drop of rain falls. On piercing the trunk, however, a sweet and nourishing milk is obtained, which the natives gladly receive in large bowls. If some plants thus furnish drink, where it might least be expected, others prepare, as it were, in the desert, the food of man in abundance. A single *Tapioca* tree is said to afford, from its pith, the whole sustenance of several men for a season.

LESSON X.

The Importance of Well-Spent Youth.—YOUTH'S MAGAZINE

As the beauty of summer, the fruitfulness of autumn, and the support of winter, depend upon spring; so the happiness, wisdom, and piety of middle life, and old age, depend upon youth. Youth is the seed-time of life.

If the farmer do not plough his land, and commit the precious seed to the ground in spring, it will be too late afterward; so if we, while young, neglect to cultivate our hearts and minds, by not sowing the seeds of knowledge and virtue, our future lives will be ignorant, vicious, and wretched. 'The sluggard will not plough by reason of the cold; he therefore, shall beg in harvest and have nothing.'

The soil of the human heart is naturally barren of every thing good, though prolific of evil. If corn, flowers, or trees, be not planted, and carefully cultivated, nettles and brambles will spring up; and the mind, if not cultivated and stored with useful knowledge, will become a barren desert, or a thorny wilderness.

'I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding, and lo, it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down.' When our first parents had sinned, the ground was cursed for their sake, and God said, 'Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth;' but this curse is turned into a blessing by the diligent and industrious, who are never happy when unemploy-

ed, who delight in labor and exertion, and receive an ample reward for all their toils.

As the spring is the most important part of the year, so is youth the most important period of life. Surely God has a claim to our first and principal attention, and religion demands the morning of our days, and the first season, the spring of our lives: before you are encumbered by cares, distressed by afflictions, or engaged in business, it becomes you to resign your soul to God.

Perhaps you may live for many years; then you will be happy in possessing knowledge and piety, and be enabled to do good to others; but if, just as youth is showing its buds and blossoms, the flower should be snapped from its stalk by the rude hand of death, O how important that it should be transplanted from earth, to flourish forever at the foot of the tree, and beside the river of life in heaven!

LESSON XI.

Story of Sir William Phipps.—LILLY.

IN Lilly's History of New England is the following account of Sir William Phipps, who succeeded Andross in the government of Massachusetts. In 1683, he applied to the king for leave to fit out a vessel, for the purpose of looking up the wreck of a Spanish ship, which had been sunk near one of the West India islands, richly laden with silver.

His request was finally granted; and a frigate of eighteen guns, carrying ninety-five men, was placed under his command. He encountered many difficulties in the voyage; and twice came near losing his life by a mutiny of his crew. On one of these occasions, as the ship lay by an island, for the purpose of taking on board a fresh supply of wood and water, a part of the crew agreed to take her into their own hands, and make a piratical expedition into the South Seas.

They were all upon the island but Phipps and eight of his crew. Among these eight was the carpenter, whose services the mutineers very much needed; so they sent one of their number to the ship, requesting him to come to them, as they had something for him to do. He came, and they told him their plan of setting the captain and the eight men

with him upon the island, and there leave them to perish, while they would take the ship and perform the proposed voyage.

They gave the carpenter half an hour to make up his mind, and sent him back, attended by a seaman, to prevent any interview between him and the captain. But while at work on the ship, he suddenly feigned an attack of the colic, and rushed into the cabin to obtain some drink, to relieve it. There he informed Captain Phipps of the whole business, who directed him to return on shore, and apparently consent to join the conspiracy.

When the carpenter had gone, Phipps ordered the men on board to prepare the cannon for action, remove the plank between the vessel and the shore, and permit none but the carpenter to approach the vessel. The mutineers by and by made their appearance, and, coming down the hills towards the shore, prepared to execute their scheme. The captain ordered them to keep off, and told them they should remain upon the island and perish.

‘We will see about that,’ cried these desperadoes; and they began to come on rather fiercely. ‘Ready!’ shouted the captain to his men at the guns. The mutineers now began to rail at him. ‘Take aim!’ said the commander. They saw now that their plan had been discovered. They gave up their project, implored pardon on their knees, and promised to submit to any terms. Phipps was finally induced to take them on board, and sailed off again; but afterwards exchanged them at Jamaica for other seamen.

After a fruitless search for the wreck, he returned to England. But, by the advice of an old Spaniard, he resolved to try again; and so a vessel was fitted out for him, with a better crew, under the patronage of the Duke of Albemarle. At a port in the West Indies, he had a canoe made from a cotton-tree, large enough to carry eight men; and, with the old Spaniard for a guide, commenced a new search for the wreck.

They floated about, fishing for the sunken treasure, week after week, among rocks and shoals. Once or twice they determined to abandon the search; and at last were returning, discouraged, to the ship, when one of the men, looking into the water, thought he saw a feather growing out of a rock. An expert Indian diver was ordered to plunge down and bring it up.

He did so, and gave an account, when he came up, of

some large guns he had seen under water. He went down again, and, to the joy and astonishment of all, brought up a lump of silver, which proved to be worth a thousand dollars. Diving-bells and other instruments were now procured as soon as possible, and all hands set to work. They raised, in a few days, the immense quantity of thirty-two tons of silver.

Captain Addbily, an adventurer from Providence, and a particular friend of Captain Phipps, obtained six tons at the same time. He was so overjoyed with his immense wealth, that he became insane, and died in less than two years. Phipps arrived safe in London, in 1687, with a cargo valued at a million and a half of dollars. He made an honest distribution of it among all who were concerned in the vessel, and received seventy-five thousand dollars for his own share.

The duke of Albemarle gave Phipps's wife, who was then in New England, a gold cup, worth a thousand pounds; and King James gave Phipps himself the honor of knighthood, from which time he was called Sir William Phipps. This fortunate adventurer was born in February, 1650, at a little plantation on the river Kennebec, in Maine. His father was a blacksmith, and our hero, having married the daughter of one Roger Spencer, had moved to Boston, and followed the same trade.

He is said to have frequently promised his wife, even then, that he would one day command a king's ship, and be the owner of a good brick house, in Green Lane, North Boston, both which things came to pass. He built a brick house in that very spot, while he was governor.

LESSON XII.

Man. — E. EVERETT.

The following extract is from an Address delivered at the American Institute, of the city of New York, at their Fourth Annual Fair, by the Hon. Edward Everett.

OF what are these curious machines, instruments and fabrics composed? They are wrought from the lifeless elements that surround us — from the inanimate growth of the forest and the field, — from the shapeless masses of the quarry and the mine, — and from the spoils of inferior animals —

iron, clay, wood, leather, cotton, wool,—dull unorganized matter. It is this which has been fashioned into machinery and enginery; and into various fabrics of ornament and use, which seem but little inferior to the mysterious organization of the living muscle, limbs and skin.

And whence are the power and skill, that have produced this new creation? What exalted spirit has endowed the lifeless stocks and stones with these wonderful properties? Who has gathered together the dry, opaque sand and alkali, and transformed them into the beautiful medium, which excludes the air and admits the light; and cut and polished them into an artificial eye, which never aches nor grows dim, and which penetrates millions and millions of miles beyond the natural vision, into the depths of the heavens, and, on the other hand, reveals the existence of whole orders of animated beings, that are born and live, and die within a drop of dew?

What magician has touched the fibres of the cotton plant—the fleece of the sheep—the web of an unsightly worm, and converted them into the most beautiful and costly tissues; and who, out of a few beams of wood, and bars of iron, and pounds of lead, has constructed the all-powerful engine, that diffuses knowledge over the earth, and speaks with a voice, which is heard beyond mountains and oceans, and the lapse of ages?

This magician, this exalted spirit, this (may I say it without irreverence) this creator, is man: man operating not with mystic power and fabled arts; but with the talents skilfully cultivated, with which he himself—fashioned as he is from the dust beneath his feet—is endowed by his Creator. The philosopher's stone, which had converted these lifeless substances into food and clothing, or the instruments of procuring it; the alchymy, which has transformed these rough and discordant elements into the comforts of human life, is the skill of rational man.

LESSON XIII.

The Lone Indian.—MISS FRANCIS.

FOR many a returning autumn, a lone Indian was seen standing at the consecrated spot we have mentioned; but, just thirty years after the death of Soonseetah, he was noticed

for the last time. His step was then firm, and his figure erect, though he seemed old and way-worn. Age had not dimmed the fire of his eye, but an expression of deep melancholy had settled on his wrinkled brow. It was Powontonomo—he who had once been the Eagle of the Mohawks!

He came to lie down and die beneath the broad oak, which shadowed the grave of Sunny-eye. Alas, the white man's axe had been there! The tree he had planted was dead; and the vine, which had leaped so vigorously from branch to branch, now yellow and withering, was falling to the ground. A deep groan burst from the soul of the savage. For thirty wearisome years, he had watched that oak, with its twining tendrils. They were the only things left in the wide world for him to love, and they were gone!

He looked abroad. The hunting land of his tribe was changed, like its chieftain. No light canoe now shot down the river, like a bird upon the wing. The laden boat of the white man alone broke its smooth surface. The Englishman's road wound like a serpent around the banks of the Mohawk; and iron hoofs had so beaten down the war path, that a hawk's eye could not discover an Indian track.

The last wigwam was destroyed; and the sun looked boldly down upon spots he had visited only by stealth, during hundreds and hundreds of moons. The few remaining trees, clothed in the fantastic mourning of autumn; the long line of heavy clouds, melting away before the coming sun; and the distant mountain, seen through the blue mist of departing twilight, alone remained as he had seen them in his boyhood.

All things spoke a sad language to the heart of the desolate Indian. 'Yes,' said he, 'the young oak and the vine are like the Eagle and the Sunny-eye. They are cut down, torn, and trampled on. The leaves are falling, and the clouds are scattering, like my people. I wish I could once more see the trees standing thick, as they did when my mother held me to her bosom, and sung the warlike deeds of the Mohawks.'

A mingled expression of grief and anger passed over his face, as he watched a loaded boat in its passage across the stream. 'The white man carries food to his wife and children, and he finds them in his home,' said he. 'Where is the squaw and the pappoose of the red man? They are here!' As he spoke he fixed his eye thoughtfully upon the grave.

After a gloomy silence, he again looked round upon the fair scene, with a wandering and troubled gaze. 'The pale face may like it,' murmured he; 'but an Indian cannot die here in peace.' So saying, he broke his bow-string, snapped his arrows, threw them on the burial-place of his fathers, and departed forever.

LESSON XIV.

Hymn.—HAWKESWORTH.

In Sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely passed the silent night;
At once I see the breaking shade,
And drink again the morning light.

New born — I bless the waking hour,
Once more, with awe, rejoice to be;
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And springs, my gracious God, to thee.

O, guide me through the various maze,
My doubtful feet are doomed to tread;
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze,
When dangers press around my head.

A deeper shade will soon impend,
A deeper sleep my eyes oppress;
Yet still thy strength shall me defend,
Thy goodness still shall deign to bless.

That deeper shade shall fade away,
That deeper sleep shall leave my eyes;
Thy light shall give eternal day!
Thy love the rapture of the skies!

LESSON XV

To a Boy with a Watch.—T. MOORE.

Is it not sweet, beloved youth!
To rove though Erudition's bowers,

And cull the golden fruits of Truth,
And gather Fancy's golden flowers?

And is it not more sweet than this,
To feel thy parents' hearts approving,
And pay them back in sums of bliss
The dear, the endless debt of loving?

It must be so to thee, my youth;
With this idea toil is lighter;
This sweetens all the fruits of Truth,
And makes the flowers of Fancy brighter

The little gift we send thee, boy,
May sometimes teach thy soul to ponder,
If indolence or siren joy
Should ever tempt thy soul to wander.

'T will tell thee that the winged day
Can ne'er be chained by man's endeavor;
That life and time shall fade away,
While heaven and virtue bloom forever!



LESSON XVI.

The Snail and the Frog.—MAVOR.

THE constant drop will wear the stone;
The slow but sure, in time, get on.
One morning, when the vernal flowers
Opened their cups to drink the showers—
Ere sluggard man had left his bed,
Or 'dangered reptiles by his tread—
A brisk young frog, intent to stray,
Along a garden took his way;
And as he bounded, full of glee,
A creeping snail he chanced to see:
'You lazy animal,' he cried,
'Emblem of bloated stately pride,
That scarce can crawl or move along,
For fear of jostling in the throng,—
When do you fancy at this pace
You'll reach the object of your chase?

No doubt yon lettuce tempts your view,
Or yon ripe plum of glossy blue:
But ere you come within their sphere
The keen-eyed gardener will be here:—
While I upon yon flowery bank,
With early dew so fresh and dank,
Shall soon be lodged and find my prey
Sufficient for the longest day.’
‘Softly but slowly;’ said the snail,
‘Not speed but diligence prevail.’
The frog leaped on—bade snail good morrow
And deemed its life a scene of sorrow.
Diverted from the intended route,
Now here, now there, he hopped in doubt.
‘That bed will copious stores supply;
This bank I find too hard, too dry:—
Again I’ll shift; for free to change,
O’er all the garden soon I’ll range;
And when I quite can suit my taste,
Then is the time to feed and rest.’
Thus hastening with unsteady aim,
From bad to worse, in quest of game,—
Again he crossed the steady snail
Just as it gained the propping rail,
On which the downy plum reposed,
The object which its journey closed.
‘Ah, friend!’ in turn the snail exclaimed,
‘What’s this I see! the bank you named
Is still unreached! though slow my pace,
I’ve beat you hollow in the race.
You hopping, vain, unsettled thing,
So, what avails your length of spring?—
Had you, like me, pursued the line,
Unchanging from your first design,
Ere now, you might have gained a cover
And fed as I do now in clover.’

MORAL.

The desultory miss the mark:
The steady find it in the dark
To perseverance all submit;
And firmness wins the prize from wit.



LESSON XVII.

Discovery of the Pacific Ocean.—W. IRVING.

This important discovery was effected by Vasco Nunez de Balboa, who first crossed the Isthmus of Darien with a company of Spaniards under the guidance of some Indians. The circumstances of the discovery are thus related by our illustrious countryman, Washington Irving.

THE day had scarcely dawned, when Vasco Nunez and his followers, set forth from the Indian village and began to climb the height. It was a severe and rugged toil for men so wayworn, but they were filled with new ardor, at the idea of the triumphant scene that was so soon to repay them for all their hardships.

About ten o'clock in the morning, they emerged from the thick forests through which they had hitherto struggled, and arrived at a lofty and airy region of the mountain. The bald summit alone remained to be ascended, and their guides pointed to a moderate eminence, from which they said the southern sea was visible.

Upon this, Vasco Nunez commanded his followers to halt, and that no man should stir from his place. Then with a palpitating heart, he ascended alone the bare mountain top. On reaching the summit the long-desired prospect burst upon his view. It was as if a new world were un-

folded to him, separated from all hitherto known, by this mighty barrier of mountains.

Below him extended a vast chaos of rock and forest, and green savannas and wandering streams, while, at a distance, the waters of the promised ocean glittered in the morning sun.

At this glorious prospect Vasco Nunez sank upon his knees, and poured out thanks to God, for being the first European to whom it was given to make that great discovery. He then called his people to ascend.

‘Behold, my friends,’ said he, that glorious sight which we have so much desired. Let us give thanks to God, that he has granted us this great honor and advantage. Let us pray to him, that he will guide and aid us to conquer the sea and land which we have discovered, and in which Christian has never entered to preach the holy doctrine of the Evangelists.

‘As to yourselves, be as you have hitherto been, faithful and true to me, and, by the favor of Christ, you will become the richest Spaniards that have ever come to the Indies; you will render the greatest services to your king that ever vassal rendered to his lord; and you will have the eternal glory and advantage of all that is here discovered, conquered, and converted to our holy Catholic faith.’

The Spaniards answered this speech by embracing Vasco Nunez, and promising to follow him to death. Among them was a priest, named Andres de Vara, who lifted up his voice and chanted *Te Deum laudamus* — the usual anthem of Spanish discoverers. The people, kneeling down, joined in the strain with pious enthusiasm and tears of joy, and never did a more sincere oblation rise to the Deity from a sanctified altar, than from that wild mountain summit.

It was indeed one of the most sublime discoveries that had yet been made in the New World, and must have opened a boundless field of conjecture to the wondering Spaniards. The imagination delights to picture forth the splendid confusion of their thoughts.

Was this the great Indian Ocean, studded with precious islands, abounding in gold, in gems, and spices, and bordered by the gorgeous cities and wealthy marts of the East? Or was it some lonely sea, locked up in the embraces of savage uncultivated continents, and never traversed by a bark excepting the light pirogue of the Indians?

The latter could hardly be the case, for the natives had told the Spaniards of golden realms, and populous, and pow-

erful, and luxurious nations upon its shores. Perhaps it might be bordered by various people, civilized in fact, but different from Europe in their civilization; who might have peculiar laws, and customs, and arts, and sciences; who might form, as it were, a world of their own, inter-communing by this mighty sea, and carrying on commerce between their own islands and continents; but who might exist in total ignorance and independence of the other hemisphere.

Such may naturally have been the ideas suggested by the sight of this unknown ocean. It was the prevalent belief of the Spaniards, however, that they were the first Christians who had made the discovery. Vasco Nunez, therefore, called upon all present to witness that he took possession of that sea, its islands, and surrounding lands, in the name of the sovereigns of Castile, and the notary of the expedition made a testimonial of the same, to which all present, to the number of sixty-seven men, signed their names.

He then caused a fair and tall tree to be cut down and wrought into a cross, which was elevated on the spot from whence he had at first beheld the sea. A mound of stones was likewise piled up to serve as a monument, and the names of the Castilian sovereigns were carved on the neighboring trees.

The Indians beheld all these ceremonials and rejoicings in silent wonder and while they aided to erect the cross and pile up the mound of stones, marvelled exceedingly at the meaning of these monuments, little thinking that they marked the subjugation of their land.

The memorable event, here recorded, took place on the 26th of September, 1513; so that the Spaniards had been twenty days, performing the journey from the province of Cazeta to the summit of the mountain, a distance, which at present, it is said, does not require more than six days travel.

Indeed the isthmus, in this neighborhood, is not more than eighteen leagues in breadth in its widest part, and in some places merely seven; but it consists of a ridge of extremely high and rugged mountains. When the discoverers traversed it, they had no route but the Indian paths, and often had to force their way amidst all kinds of obstacles, both from the savage country and its savage inhabitants. In fact, the details of this narrative sufficiently account for the slowness of their progress, and present an array of difficulties and perils, which, as has been well observed, none but those 'men of iron' could have subdued and overcome

LESSON XVIII.

Character of Jesus Christ.—BISHOP PORTEUS.

THE morality he taught was the purest, the soundest, the sublimest, the most perfect that had ever before entered into the imagination, or proceeded from the lips of man. And this he delivered in a manner the most striking and impressive; in short, sententious, solemn, important, ponderous rules or maxims, or in familiar, natural, affecting similitudes and parables.

He showed also a most consummate knowledge of the human heart, and dragged to light all its artifices, subtleties, and evasions. He discovered every thought as it arose in the mind; he detected every irregular desire before it ripened into action. He manifested, at the same time, the most perfect impartiality. He had no respect of persons. He reproved vice in every station, wherever he found it, with the same freedom and boldness; and he added to the whole the weight, the irresistible weight, of his own example.

He, and he only, of all the sons of men, acted up in every the minutest instance to what he taught; and his life exhibited a perfect portrait of his religion. But what completed the whole was, that he taught, as the evangelist expresses it, *with authority*, with the authority of a divine teacher. The ancient philosophers could do nothing more than give good advice to their followers; they had no means of enforcing that advice; but our great lawgiver's precepts are all *divine commands*.

He spoke in the name of God: he called himself the Son of God. He spoke in a tone of superiority and authority, which no one before him had the courage or the right to assume: and finally, he enforced every thing he taught by the most solemn and awful sanctions, by a promise of eternal felicity to those who obeyed him, and a denunciation of the most tremendous punishment to those who rejected him.

These were the circumstances which gave our blessed Lord the authority with which he spake. No wonder then that the people 'were astonished at his doctrines,' and that they all declared 'he spake as never man spake.'

LESSON XIX.

Conclusion of Christ's Sermon on the Mount.—BIBLE.

JUDGE not, that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged: and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again. And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye? Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, Let me pull out the mote out of thine eye; and behold, a beam is in thine own eye? Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye.

Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you.

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you: For every one that asketh, receiveth; and he that seeketh, findeth; and to him that knocketh, it shall be opened. Or what man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone? Or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent? If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father, which is in heaven, give good things to them that ask him? Therefore all things, whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets.

Enter ye in at the strait gate; for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: Because, strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.

Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves. Ye shall know them by their fruits: Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit; but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit. A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit. Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire. Wherefore, by their fruits ye shall know them

Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven. Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name have cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you, depart from me, ye that work iniquity.

Therefore, whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock. And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house, and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock. And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand: And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell: and great was the fall of it. And it came to pass when Jesus had ended these sayings, the people were astonished at his doctrine. For he taught them as one having authority, and not as the scribes.

LESSON XX.

The Tropical Constellations.—HUMBOLDT

FROM the time that we entered the Torrid Zone, we were never wearied with admiring, every night, the beauty of the southern sky, which, as we advanced, opened new constellations to our view. We feel an indescribable sensation, when, on approaching the Equator, and particularly on passing from one hemisphere to the other, we see those stars, which we have contemplated from our infancy, progressively sink, and finally disappear.

Nothing awakens in the traveller a livelier remembrance of the immense distance, by which he is separated from his country, than the aspect of an unknown firmament. The grouping of the stars of the first magnitude, some scattered nebulae, rivalling in splendor the milky way, and tracts of space, remarkable for their extreme blackness, give a particular physiognomy to the southern sky.

This sight fills with admiration even those who, unin-

structed in the branches of accurate science, feel the same emotion of delight in the contemplation of the heavenly vault, as in the view of a beautiful landscape, or a majestic site.

A traveller has no need of being a botanist, to recognise the Torrid Zone in the mere aspect of its vegetation; and without having acquired any notions of astronomy, without any acquaintance with the celestial charts of Flamsteed and De La Caille, he feels that he is not in Europe, when he sees the immense constellation of the Ship, or the phosphorescent clouds of Magellan, arise on the horizon. The heaven and the earth, every thing in the Equinoctial regions, assumes an exotic character.

The lower regions of the air were loaded with vapors for some days. We first saw distinctly the Cross of the South, in the night of the fourth and fifth of July, in the sixteenth degree of latitude. It was strongly inclined, and appeared from time to time between the clouds; the centre of which, furrowed by uncondensed lightnings, reflected a silvery lustre. If a traveller may be permitted to speak of his personal emotions, I shall add, that on this night, I saw one of the reveries of my earliest youth accomplished.

At a period when I studied the heavens, not with the intention of devoting myself to astronomy, but only to acquire a knowledge of the stars, I was agitated by a fear unknown to those who love a sedentary life. It seemed painful to me, to renounce the hope of beholding those beautiful constellations which border the South Pole. Impatient to rove in the Equinoctial regions, I could not raise my eyes towards the starry vault, without thinking of the Cross of the South.

The pleasure felt on discovering this constellation, was warmly shared by such of the crew as had lived in the colonies. In the solitude of the seas, we hail a star as a friend from whom we have been long separated. Among the Portuguese and the Spaniards, peculiar motives seem to increase this feeling. A religious sentiment attaches them to a constellation, the form of which recalls the sign of the faith, planted by their ancestors in the deserts of the New World.

The two great stars, which mark the summit and the foot of the Cross, having nearly the same right ascension, it follows that the constellation is almost vertical, at the moment when it passes the meridian. This circumstance is

known to every nation, that lives beyond the tropics, or in the southern hemisphere. It is known at what hour of the night, in different seasons, the Southern Cross is erect or inclined. It is a timepiece, that advances with great regularity nearly four minutes a day ; and no other group of stars exhibits to the naked eye an observation of time so easily made.

How often have we heard our guides exclaim, in the savannas of Venezuela, or in the desert extending from Lima to Truxillo, ‘ Midnight is past, the Cross begins to bend ! ’ How frequently did these words remind us of that affecting scene, where Paul and Virginia, seated near the source of the river Lataniers, conversed together for the last time ; and when the old man, at the sight of the Southern Cross, warns them that it is time to separate !

LESSON XXI.

Pillars of moving Sand in the Desert.—BRUCE.

ON the fourteenth of November at seven in the morning, having rested the preceding night at a small spot of grass and white sand, we pursued our journey through the Arabian desert, our course being due north. At one o’clock, we alighted among some acacia trees, having gone twenty-one miles. We were here at once surprised and terrified by a sight, surely one of the most magnificent in the world.

In that vast expanse of desert, from the west and to the northwest of us, we saw a number of prodigious pillars of sand, at different distances ; at times moving with great celerity, at others stalking on with a majestic slowness ; at intervals we thought they were coming in a very few minutes to overwhelm us ; and small quantities of sand did actually more than once reach us.

Again they would retreat so as to be almost out of sight, their tops reaching to the very clouds. There, the tops often separated from the bodies ; and these, once disjoined, dispersed in the air, and did not appear any more. Sometimes they were broken near the middle, as if struck with a large cannon shot.

About noon they began to advance with considerable swiftness upon us, the wind being very strong at the north.

Eleven of them ranged along side of us, at about the distance of three miles. The greatest diameter of the largest appeared to me, at that distance, as if it would measure ten feet.

They retired from us with a wind at the southeast, leaving an impression upon my mind to which I can give no name, though surely one ingredient in it was fear, with a considerable proportion of wonder and astonishment. It was in vain to think of flying, the swiftest horse, or fastest sailing ship, could be of no use to carry us out of this danger; and the full persuasion of this riveted me as if to the spot where I stood.

The same appearance presented itself to us on the day following. The pillars of sand were in form and disposition, like those which we had already observed, only they seemed to be smaller and more numerous. They several times came in a direction close upon us; that is, I believe, within less than two miles. They began immediately after sunrise, like a thick wood, and almost darkened the sun. His rays, shining through them for nearly an hour, gave them an appearance of pillars of fire.

LESSON XXII.

The Camel's Hump.—GRISWOLD.

THE Camel's Hump, one of the finest mountains in New England, derives its name from a fancied resemblance of its outline to the figure of a camel. It rises to an elevation of nearly 5000 feet, and is the highest peak but one in the Green Mountain range. The Camel's Hump is about fifty miles south of the Canada line; and when viewed from Lake Champlain is a most picturesque object, rising in majestic preeminence above the neighboring hills, and presenting in bold relief against the sky the figure of the animal whose name it bears. The outline is strikingly exact; the central and highest part representing the Hump, while a curve towards the north gives the figure of the neck, and the southern declivity slopes in the direction of the tail.

In travelling through this section of Vermont in 1830, the writer observed the summit of the mountain covered with snow as early as the 3d of September, and was informed by

the inhabitants that it might frequently be seen whitened over in June. Its base borders on the Onion River Valley, which, it is well known, was the great thoroughfare of the Indians in the early history of the colonies. From this mountain they used to descend, like a torrent, on the towns of the Connecticut, and on its summit they built their signal fires, which could be seen to an immense distance over the River on the one side, and far into Canada on the other.

In the early part of July, the writer, in company with a friend and guide, visited the mountain and spent a night on its summit. When we started the sun shone brightly, and gave abundant promise of a pleasant season for the excursion, but it soon became obscured. Our route for the last four miles, lay through tangled woods without a human habitation, and all the way ascending, except when intercepted by deep ravines formed by descending torrents.

On arriving at the summit, we found to our dismay, that it was sunset, and that the sun had set behind masses of black and threatening clouds. We immediately struck a fire and set about building ourselves a house with the boughs of the spruce, which grew in scattered clusters round the rocks. At this elevation the spruce attains the height of about six feet, and sends out lateral branches of a length that frequently exceeds that of the tree. The lower branches extend so near the ground, that it was necessary to climb over them in order to pass through the copse.

The night was growing dark so rapidly, accompanied with the thickening signs of the approaching storm, that we almost despaired of completing any thing like an adequate shelter from the elements. But we plied our hatchets lustily, urged by the strong impulse of necessity, and had the satisfaction of finishing our house just as we were becoming enveloped in utter darkness.

I will not attempt to describe our sensations; those, who have been placed in similar circumstances, will readily appreciate them. All that constitutes the grand and the sublime, formed the elements of the scene. Immediately before us was the brink of a tremendous precipice. Below, above, around, all was impenetrable darkness, into which our fire seemed vainly trying to send a few straggling rays, that only served to make its 'darkness visible.'

The fire itself seemed the sport of some superhuman agency. Being kindled on the very summit of the mountain, it was blown in one large sheet of flame, one instant

to the north, the next to the south, and again directly into the black and matted foliage of the roof above our heads. Far in the world below, twinkled a few glimmering lights, that seemed like 'stars fallen from their places,' while, around the cliffs, with a solemn, thunder-like voice, bellowed the mighty winds, at times, shaking the mountain to its very base, as though they were pent up in its bowels and struggling for deliverance. All around combined to inspire the most exalted conceptions of *Him*, 'who hath weighed the mountains in scales, and holds the winds in his fists.'

At length the morning dawned upon us, the clouds had partially passed away, and now, for the first time, could we fully enjoy the unrivalled glories of the scene; we were reminded of the prospect, as described by travellers, from the summit of *Ætna*.—Clouds were sweeping by on a level with our feet or far below them, for a moment obscuring objects, and then leaving them in clearer view; on our right and in front as we faced the north, the river with its numerous tributary streams, like lines of silver, measured their way to the lake. On our left, spread out the beautifully undulating country between the mountain and Champlain; the lake itself, though twenty miles away, seeming to lie, with its beautiful green islands, at our very feet, while, beyond its western shore, the mountains of Essex closed the view.—After enjoying the scene, we descended the mountain and continued our route.

LESSON XXIII.

The Deucalion of Kentucky.—GALT.

My grandfather was one of the first settlers of Kentucky. He was, by profession, a miller, and built a flour mill at a village in that state. It was called Thyatira—after one of the ancient towns mentioned in the Bible; and he and his neighbors, the founders, expected it would become a great city, but not a vestige of it, neither of the church nor mill, now remains—yet I remember it all well. It was a handsome place, situated at the bottom of a range of hills, wooded to the top—a fine stream washed their feet, and the mill stood at the side of a pretty waterfall.

My grandfather left his property in a flourishing condition

to my father, who was an enterprising character. He took an active part in the war for independence; and when the peace was adjusted, he returned to Thyatira, where he enlarged the old flour mill, and constructed another for sawing the timber, with which the neighboring mountains were covered. Every body predicted that my father would soon be one of the richest men in the state, and his prospects were certainly undeniable.

I think it is not possible, that I shall ever see again a place half so beautiful as the unfortunate Thyatira, and the valley which it overlooked. The valley was green, the stream was clear, and the woods that clothed the mountains, were of the loftiest kind, and the richest leaf! All is now desolate.

Sometimes of a night, as I came across the Atlantic, I thought the bell of the little wooden church, that stood on the slope above the village, rung in my ear, and I heard the dogs, as it were, bark again, and the cocks crow; but the ship would give a lurch and turn my eyes outwards upon the ocean waters all around me, as lone and wild, as the deluge that destroyed my native village.

In the summer before the dreadful yellow fever broke out in Philadelphia—I was in that city at the time when the fever raged, which makes me remember it so well, — my father was much troubled by the failure of the stream which supplied his mill. The drought dried it up, and his wheels stood still for want of water.

Some of the old neighbors had visited the source of the river in their youth. It was a lake far up among the mountains, and my father, being a bold and enterprising character, thought, if he could enlarge the opening at the banks of the lake, where the stream issued, he would obtain an abundance of water.

The scheme was feasible, and he engaged a number of men to go with him to the lake for that purpose. I was then a youth, fond of any adventure, and I accompanied the heroes of the pickaxe and shovel. We had a cheerful journey through the woods; we startled showers of beautiful humming-birds; they were all like apple blossoms scattered in the winds; we slept at night in the woods, and we crossed several ancient Indian war tracks, which we knew by their inscriptions on the rocks; we saw also in the forest artificial mounds, on which trees of the oldest growth were growing.

They were the work of the inhabitants before the present race,—perhaps they were antediluvian. Sometimes I think America is the old world that was destroyed. But be that as it may, it contains many remains of antiquity that philosophy has not yet explained. The warfare belts of Indians are hieroglyphical lectures. The Egyptians wrote in that language. Did they teach the Indians?

Not, however, to dwell on such abstruse matters, I shall just say, that we reached on the second day the lake which supplied the stream. It was about ten miles long and five broad—a bowl in the midst of several hills. It was overlooked by the woods and mountains; but towards our valley, a vast embankment gave it the form of a dam, over the middle of which the stream of Thyatira flowed.

It was the evening when we reached the top of the embankment; we took some refreshment, and my father proposed that we should rest ourselves for that night;—the whole business partook of the nature of a hunting excursion;—our end was labor, but we sweetened the means with pleasure. Accordingly, after our repast, the party severally betook themselves to the sports in which they most delighted.

I retired to a rock that overlooked the lake, and seated myself to view the landscape, that in the lone magnificence of mountain, lake, and wood, was spread around me. The spirit of the place held communion with mine, and I was seized with an awful foreboding. Tranquillity floated like a corpse on the water; silence sat in the dumbness of death on the mountains; the woods seemed, as the light faded, to take the form of hearse-plumes; and as I looked down towards my native village, I thought of the valley of Jehoshaphat, and the day of judgment.

What curious sense of the mind, keener than the eye, and quicker than the ear, gave me in that evening the foretaste of what was to happen? The rest of the party slept well, but I durst not close my eyes. At daybreak my father called us cheerily to work. I know not by what impulse I was actuated. I had been educated by a strange man—a deep classical scholar, who had settled at Thyatira. He had been brought up at Oxford, and he ascribed living powers to all organized existences. The woods were to him endowed with spirits, the streams had intelligence, and the rocks the memory of witnesses bearing testimony.

These fancies came thick upon me, and I went to my father, and laid my hand upon his arm. ‘Forbear, father,’

said I, 'there may be something unhallowed in disturbing the ancient channel of these solitary waters.' My father laughed, and again struck his pickaxe into the mound. It was a fatal stroke, for as he pulled out the weapon, the ground gave, as it were, a shudder, and presently after a groan was heard, as if the whole mound of earth was breaking up.

My father, by the stroke of his pickaxe, had cleft asunder an incrustation of sand, that formed as it were the bowl of the lake. The water rushed through and widened the seam with great violence. The mound, which dammed up the lake, had been formed by a gradual accumulation of fallen timber. The water through the rent insinuated itself among the mass; the mud and sand between the gathered trunks were washed away, and the mass lost its adhesion.

In the course of a few minutes, Heaven knows by what strange aptitude, the stupendous mound began to move. It became convulsed; it roared with the throes of tearing asunder; the waters of the lake boiled up from the bottom; I ran from the spot; my father and his friends stood aghast and terrified; birds were screaming from the woods below; I called to my father, and to all, to follow me; I looked towards the lake—it seemed to me as if its calm level surface was taking the shape of sloping glass; I caught hold of the branch of a tree which grew on the rock, where I had contemplated the scene the preceding evening; I felt as it were the globe of the world sliding from under my feet; I exerted myself; I reached the rock; every thing was reeling around me; I saw the hills and woods moving away.

I shut my eyes in terror, and, covering my face with my hands, stretched myself on the rock, as if I lay at the foot of the angel of destruction. I heard a sound louder than thunder; my senses were for a time stunned.

What in the meantime happened I know not; but when I had fortitude enough to look around, I found myself on the ledge of an awful precipice—a black and oozy valley, herbless as a grave, where the lake had been; and for the mound where I had left my father and his laborers, a horrible chasm—devastation horrid as the roaring deluge, was seen raging down the valley towards Thyatira. The sound lessened as I looked, and a silence succeeded, such as the raven of Noah found upon the earth when she went forth, banqueting on the abolished races of the old world.

LESSON XXIV.

Ingenious Stratagem of Columbus.—IRVING.

While on one of his voyages of discovery, Columbus was obliged to abandon his vessel as unseaworthy, and remain for some months on the island of Jamaica. During this time, the great resources of his genius were often called forth by danger and distress. One instance of this sort is thus related by the eloquent historian of his life.

COLUMBUS had succeeded in guarding against the internal ills that threatened the safety of his little community, when alarming evils began to menace from without. The Indians, being an improvident race, unused to lay up any stock of provisions, and unwilling to subject themselves to extra labor, found it difficult to furnish the quantity of food, daily required for so many hungry men.

The European trinkets, once so precious, lost their value, in proportion as they became common. The importance of the admiral had been greatly diminished by the desertion of many of his followers; and the malignant instigations of the rebels had awakened jealousy and enmity in several of the villages, which had been accustomed to furnish provisions.

By degrees, therefore, the supplies began to fall off. The arrangements for the daily delivery of certain quantities, made by Diego Mendez, were irregularly attended to, and at length ceased entirely. The Indians no longer thronged to the harbor with provisions, and often refused them when applied for. The Spaniards were obliged to forage about the neighborhood for their daily food, but found more and more difficulty in procuring it; and now, in addition to their other causes for despondency, they began to entertain horrible apprehensions of famine.

The admiral heard the melancholy forebodings of his men, and beheld the growing evil, but was at a loss for a remedy. To resort to force was an alternative full of danger, and of but temporary efficacy. It would require all those who were well enough to bear arms to sally forth, while he and the rest of the infirm, would be left defenceless on board of the wreck, exposed to the vengeance of the natives.

In the meantime, the scarcity daily increased. The Indians perceived the wants of the white men, and had learnt from them the art of making bargains. They asked ten times the former quantity of European articles for any

amount of provisions, and brought their supplies in scanty quantities, to enhance the eagerness of the hungry Spaniards.

At length, even this relief ceased, and there was an absolute distress for want of food. It appeared that the jealousy of the natives, had been universally aroused by Porras and his followers, who had deserted Columbus, and they withheld all provisions, in hopes either of starving the admiral and his people, or of driving them from the island.

In this extremity, a fortunate idea suddenly presented itself to Columbus. From his knowledge of astronomy, he ascertained that, within three days, there would be a total eclipse of the moon in the early part of the night. He sent, therefore, an Indian of the island of Hispaniola, who served as his interpreter, to summon the principal caciques to a grand conference, appointing for it the day of the eclipse.

When all were assembled, he told them by his interpreter, that he and his followers were the worshippers of a Deity who lived in the skies. That this Deity favored such as did well, but punished all transgressors. That as they must all have noticed, he had protected Diego Mendez and his companions in their voyage, they having gone in obedience to the orders of their commander; but that, on the other hand, he had visited Porras and his companions with all kind of afflictions, in consequence of their rebellion.

That this great Deity was incensed against the Indians, who had refused or neglected to furnish his faithful worshippers with provisions, and intended to chastise them with famine and pestilence. Lest they should disbelieve this warning, a signal would be given that very night, in the heavens. They would behold the moon change its color, and gradually lose its light; a token of the fearful punishment which awaited them.

Many of the Indians were alarmed at the solemnity of this prediction, others treated it with derision,—all, however, awaited with solicitude the coming of the night. When they beheld a dark shadow stealing over the moon, they began to tremble. Their fears increased with the progress of the eclipse; and when they saw a mysterious darkness covering the whole face of nature, there were no bounds to their terror.

Seizing upon whatever provisions they could procure, they hurried to the ships, uttering cries and lamentations. They threw themselves at the feet of Columbus, implored him to intercede with his God, to withhold the threatened calami-

ties, and assured him, that thenceforth they would bring him whatever he required. Columbus told them he would retire and commune with the Deity.

Shutting himself up in his cabin, he remained there during the increase of the eclipse, the forests and shores, all the while, resounding with the howlings and supplications of the savages. When the eclipse was about to diminish, he came forth and informed the natives, that he had interceded for them with his God, who, on condition of their fulfilling their promises, had deigned to pardon them; in sign of which, he would withdraw the darkness from the moon.

When the Indians saw that planet restored presently to its brightness, and rolling in all its beauty through the firmament, they overwhelmed the admiral with thanks for his intercession and repaired to their homes, joyful at having escaped such great disasters.

They now regarded Columbus with awe and reverence, as a man in the peculiar favor and confidence of the Deity, since he knew upon earth what was passing in the heavens. They hastened to propitiate him with gifts; supplies again arrived daily at the harbor, and from that time forward, there was no want of provisions.

LESSON XXV.

Columbus on first beholding America.—D. MOORE.

GOD of my sires! o'er ocean's brim
Yon beauteous land appears at last;
Raise, comrades! raise your holiest hymn,
For now your toils are past:
See o'er the bosom of the deep,
She gaily lifts her summer charms,
As if at last she longed to leap
From dark Oblivion's arms.

What forms, what lovely forms may lie
Secluded in thy flowery breast;
Pure is thy sea, and calm thy sky,
Thou Garden of the West!
Around each solitary hill
A rich magnificence is hurled,
Thy youthful face seems wearing still
The first fresh fragrance of the world.

We come with hope, our beacon bright,
Like Noah drifting o'er the wave;
To claim a world the ocean's might
Has shrouded like the grave;
And oh, the dwellers of the Ark
Ne'er pined, with fonder hearts, to see
The bird of hope regain their bark,
Than I have longed for thee.

Around me was the boundless flood,
O'er which no mortal ever passed,
Above me was a solitude
As measureless and vast;
Yet in the air, and on the sea,
The voice of the Eternal One
Breathed forth the song of hope to me,
And bade me journey on.

My bark! the winds are fair unfurled
To waft thee on thy watery road,
Oh haste, that I may give the world
Another portion of her God;
That I may lead those tribes aright,
So long on error's ocean driven,
And point to their bewildered sight
A fairer path to heaven.

The mightiest states shall pass away,
Their mouldering grandeur cannot last;
But thou, fair land! shalt be for aye
A glory, when they're past:
As now thou look'st in youthful bloom,
When earth grows old and states decline,
So thou shalt flourish o'er their tomb,
Tired Freedom's peaceful shrine

Spain! though I'm not of thine, thou'lt claim
A glory with the brightest age,
And years shall never blot thy name
From Fame's immortal page!
Rome conquered, but enslaved each land,
Made empires ruins in her mirth;
But thou, with a far nobler hand,
Wilt add one-half to earth.

What have the proudest conquerors reared
To hold their honors forth to fame—
Things which a few short years have seared,
And left without a name!
But I, 'mid empires prostrate hurled,
'Mid all the glories time has rent,
Will raise no column, but a world,
To stand my monument.



LESSON XXVI.

Gelert. -- SPENCER.

THE spearman heard the bugle sound,
And cheerily smiled the morn,
And many a brach, and many a hound,
Attend Llewellyn's horn:

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a louder cheer;
'Come, Gelert! why art thou the last
Llewellyn's horn to hear?

'Oh, where does faithful Gelert roam?
The flower of all his race!
So true, so brave, a lamb at home—
A lion in the chase!'

That day Llewellyn little loved
The chase of hart or hare;
And scant and small the booty proved,
For Gelert was not there.

Unpleased, Llewellyn homeward hied,
When, near the portal seat,
His truant Gelert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gained the castle-door,
Aghast the chieftain stood;
The hound was smeared with gouts of gore,
His lips and fangs ran blood!

Llewellyn gazed with wild surprise,
Unused such looks to meet:
His favorite checked his joyful guise,
And crouched and licked his feet.

Onward in hast Llewellyn passed,
(And on went Gelert too,)
And still, where 'er his eyes were cast,
Fresh blood-gouts shocked his view!

O'erturned his infant's bed, he found
The blood-stained cover rent,
And all around the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

He called his child—no voice replied;
He searched—with terror wild;
Blood! Blood! he found on every side,
But nowhere found the child!

' Hell-hound! by thee my child's devoured,
The frantic father cried,
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gelert's side!—

His suppliant, as to earth he fell,
No pity could impart;
But still his Gelert's dying yell,
Passed heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gelert's dying yell,
Some slumberer wakened nigh,
What words the parent's joy can tell,
To hear his infant cry!

Concealed beneath a mangled heap,
His hurried search had missed,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
His cherub boy he kissed!

Nor scratch had he, nor harm, nor dread —
But the same couch beneath,
Lay a great wolf, all torn and dead—
Tremendous still in death!

Ah! what was then Llewellyn's pain,
For now the truth was clear;
The gallant hound the wolf had slain,
To save Llewellyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewellyn's wo,
' Best of thy kind adieu!
The frantic deed which laid thee low,
This heart shall ever rue! '

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture decked;
And marbles, storied with his praise,
Poor Gelert's bones protect.

Here never could the spearman pass,
Or forester, unmoved;
Here oft the tear-besprinkled grass
Llewellyn's sorrow proved.

And here he hung his horn and spear;
And, oft as evening fell,
In fancy's piercing sounds would hear
Poor Gelert's dying yell!



LESSON XXVII.

The Self-taught Mathematician.

EDMUND STONE affords us an instance of a self-educated mathematician. Neither the place nor the time of his birth is exactly known; but he was probably a native of Argyleshire Scotland, and born a few years before the close of the seventeenth century. He is spoken of as having reached an advanced age in 1760, and he died in 1768. The only account we have of his early life is contained in a letter, which is to be found prefixed to a French translation of one of his works, from his contemporary, the Chevalier Ramsay, who knew him.

His father, Ramsay tells us, was gardener to the Duke of Argyle, who, walking one day in his garden, observed a Latin copy of Newton's 'Principia' lying on the grass, and

thinking it had been brought from his own library, called some one to carry it back to its place. 'Upon this,' (the narrative proceeds) 'Stone, who was then in his eighteenth year, claimed the book as his own. 'Yours?' replied the Duke. 'Do you understand Geometry, Latin, and Newton?' 'I know a little of them,' replied the young man.

The Duke was surprised; and having a taste for the sciences, he entered into conversation with the young mathematician. He asked him several questions; and was astonished at the force, the accuracy, and the candor of his answers. 'But how,' said the Duke, 'came you by the knowledge of all these things?' Stone replied, 'A servant taught me, ten years since to read. Does one need to know any thing more than the twenty-four letters, in order to learn every thing else that one wishes?' The Duke's curiosity redoubled: he sat down on a bank, and requested a detail of the whole process by which he had become so learned.

'I first learned to read,' said Stone; 'the masons were then at work upon your house. I approached them one day, and observed that the architect used a rule and compasses, and that he made calculations. I inquired what might be the meaning and use of these things, and I was informed that there was a science called arithmetic. I purchased a book of arithmetic, and I learned it.

I was told there was another science called geometry; I bought the necessary books, and I learned geometry. By reading, I found that there were good books in these two sciences in Latin; I bought a dictionary, and I learned Latin. I understood, also, that there were good books of the same kind in French; I bought a dictionary, and I learned French. And this, my Lord, is what I have done: it seems to me that we may learn every thing, when we know the twenty-four letters of the alphabet.'

Under the patronage of the Duke of Argyle, Stone, some years after this, made his appearance in London, where in 1723, he published his first work — a *Treatise on Mathematical Instruments*, principally translated from the French. In 1725, he was chosen a Fellow of the Royal Society. Next year appeared his *Mathematical Dictionary*; which was followed by other occasional productions down to the year of his death. Of his private history, however, after he took up his residence in the metropolis, little or nothing is known.



LESSON XXVIII.

Story of Caius Marcius Coriolanus.—ROMAN HISTORY.

CAIUS MARCIUS was a Roman of patrician birth, and early distinguished himself by his bravery and virtues. The surname of Coriolanus was bestowed on him for having taken the city Corioli.

His father dying, while he was very young, he grew up under the sole care of his mother, and his filial piety is one of the most prominent and excellent features of his character. He was endowed by nature with a noble spirit of ambition, but in his youth, he had not wisdom enough to restrain his temper, which often led him to commit rash actions.

Although very young when he served his first campaign, he never returned from the numerous combats in which he was engaged, without having received crowns or some other military reward. In the whole course of his life, he never commenced any undertaking, without the advice and approbation of his mother. Her slightest word was his law, and he never was satisfied with cherishing and honoring her—her greatest delight was in hearing him praised, and seeing him crowned with honors. Their lives present a rare and beautiful example of filial and maternal virtues. At his mother's request, he took a wife, and they all resided under one roof.

Posthumius, the consul, spoke highly in praise of Coriolanus among the soldiers, after a signal victory had been gained principally by his assistance, and wished to load him with rewards and trophies. He offered him a hundred acres of land, ten captives, as many richly caparisoned horses, a hundred cattle and as much gold as he could carry. But Coriolanus would accept none of these treasures, but one captive, whom he immediately liberated, and a horse.

At the time that he was made consul, there was a great famine in Italy, and supplies of corn having been received from Sicily, he wished to sell it to the people at a high price, that he might induce them, by the hardships of experience, to cultivate their lands instead of exciting seditions. On this account, he was brought to trial and condemned. Incensed at this return for the benefits he had conferred on his country, he took refuge with the Volscians, and persuaded them to invade the Roman provinces. At the head of the Volscian army, of which he was appointed commander, he marched towards his native city, pitched his tent within four miles of it, and laid waste the surrounding territory.

At the news of his approach, terror filled the hearts of the Romans, for they had but too well experienced his talents and bravery as a commander, when his arm was devoted to his country's service. Men and women assembled in the streets, bewailing their imminent danger, and even the senate themselves were stupefied amidst this universal confusion.

Messengers with treaties of peace were despatched from Rome, but they returned with an unwelcome answer; again they departed, and again they returned with no better success. Even the priests, in their robes of state, knelt before him as suppliants, but they vainly endeavored to avert his anger from his native city.

At length Veturia, the mother of Coriolanus, and Volumnia his wife, taking with them his two little children, sought the hostile camp.

When Coriolanus beheld his mother, he exclaimed, 'Oh! my country, thou hast subdued my enmity, since thou hast employed the prayers of my beloved mother, for whose sake, I forgive thy injuries towards me.' Having then embraced his mother, his wife and children, he removed his camp and withdrew his army from the Roman territories. It is said, that he was afterwards slain by treachery, among the Volscians.

LESSON XXIX.

The Vain Girl. — JANE TAYLOR.

‘WELL!’ exclaimed a young lady, just returned from school, ‘my education is at last finished: indeed it would be strange, if, after five years’ hard application, any thing were left incomplete. Happily it is all over now, and I have nothing to do but exercise my various accomplishments.’

‘Let me see!—as to French, I am mistress of that, and speak it, if possible, with more fluency than English. Italian I can read with ease, and pronounce very well, as well at least, and better, than any of my friends; and that is all one need wish for in Italian. Music I have learned till I am perfectly sick of it. But, now that we have a grand piano, it will be delightful to play when we have company.’

‘And then there are my Italian songs, which every body allows I sing with taste, and as it is what so few people can pretend to, I am particularly glad that I can. My drawings are universally admired, especially the shells and flowers, which are beautiful, certainly: besides this, I have a decided taste in all kinds of fancy ornaments. And then, my dancing and waltzing, in which our master himself owned that he could take me no farther;—just the figure for it certainly; it would be unpardonable if I did not excel.’

‘As to common things, geography, and history, and poetry, and philosophy, thank my stars, I have got through them all! so that I may consider myself not only perfectly accomplished, but also thoroughly well-informed.’

‘Well, to be sure, how much I have fagged through; the only wonder is that one head can contain it all!’

LESSON XXX.

Hurricanes of the West Indies. — GORDON.

FROM the middle of July to the end of October, the West Indies, and particularly the Antilles, are exposed to hurricanes. But these dreadful visitants are not always annual,

intervals of several years sometimes occur between them. Still they are sufficiently frequent to be objects of just apprehension to the inhabitants, and those who visit them for commercial purposes.

After a long continuance of dry weather, and usually after a close day, during which the air has been perfectly calm, and so clear, that the tops of the highest mountains may be distinctly seen — always between sunset and sunrise — the wind rises suddenly, with frightful force, which rapidly increases. The rain soon follows in torrents; and the lightning illumines the canopy from the zenith to the horizon, with almost unbroken glare, whilst the thunder bursts in astounding peals from every quarter.

The sea, which for some days has rolled upon the coast with a high and sullen swell, emitting a strong and disagreeable odor, now lashed into irresistible fury, roars in tremendous concert; and the waves alternately menace the sky, or plunge into the bottomless abyss. The Genius of desolation roams unmanacled, and all nature bends before him.

The lofty palm, the firm-rooted Acajou, and the wide-spread fig-tree, are torn from the soil, or riven by the red bolt of heaven; and the humble shrub and creeping vine are beaten down, and blended with the mire. Every human fabric dreads his presence. The slight and lowly cabin disappears at his approach, with little injury, perhaps, to its terrified tenant; whilst the stronger edifice, which by any crevice admits his entrance, is toppled on the heads of the occupants, and frequently wrapped in dreadful conflagration.

Still the fury of the wind increases—sometimes shifting from quarter to quarter; at others, blowing with equal violence from every point of the compass, until the deep and ponderous earth awakens to the strife, and rocking to the blast, adds new and indescribable horrors to the scene. Then the feeble protection of walls and roofs is abandoned, and the affrighted inmates rush to the most naked spot of the adjacent fields, as the place of the greatest safety. A desperate refuge! The mountains have poured down their cataracts—the rivers have overleaped or broken their banks, and universal inundation covers the plains.

After five or six hours, each of which seems an age, the fury of the elements abates, a comparative calm, though yet a storm, succeeds, which permits the proprietor to raise his head to survey his manifold losses—his fields and gardens submerged and devastated—his habitation prostrate, and

every object he lately delighted to view, involved in mingled ruin. In a few hours more, the thick veil is withdrawn from the heavens—the sun shines with a new and softened splendor, the air is balmy and invigorating—but the effects of the tempest remain, which require years of industry to efface.

The immediate cause of these dreadful scourges is not fully understood, or at least is not universally acknowledged. Electricity is supposed to be a powerful agent in their creation. But the motion of the earth, and variation of temperature in the atmosphere, the source of other winds, seem sufficient for the production of these. Nature, we must presume, does nothing in vain, and though we are unable to trace any immediate beneficial results from the irregular and terrific visits of the hurricane, we cannot doubt that they are indispensable and beneficial in the economy of Providence.

LESSON XXXI.

Elephants and Mammoths.—JAMIESON.

OF the elephant genus, two species are at present known as inhabitants of the earth. The one, which is confined to Africa, is named the African elephant; the other, which is a native of Asia, is named the Asiatic elephant.

Only one fossil species has hitherto been discovered. It is the *Mammoth* of the Russians. It differs from both the existing species, but agrees more nearly with the Asiatic than the African species. Its bones have been found in many different parts of Britain; and similar remains have been dug up in the north of Ireland.

Bones of this animal have been dug up in Sweden: and Cuvier conjectures, that the bones of supposed giants, mentioned by the celebrated Bishop Pontoppidan, as having been found in Norway, are remains of the fossil elephant. Torfæus mentions a head and tooth of this animal, dug up in the island of Iceland. In Russia in Europe, Poland, Germany, France, Holland, and Hungary, teeth and bones of this species of elephant have been found in abundance. Humboldt found teeth of this animal in north and south America.

But it is in Asiatic Russia, that they occur in greatest abundance. Pallas says, that from the Don or the Tanais,

to Tchutskoinoss, there is scarcely a river the bank of which does not afford remains of the mammoth, and these are frequently imbedded in, or covered with, alluvial soil, containing marine productions. The bones are generally dispersed, seldom occurring in complete skeletons, and still more rarely do we find the fleshy part of the animal preserved. One of the most interesting instances on record, of the preservation of the carcass of this animal, is given by M. Cuvier, in the following relation:

In the year 1799, a Tungusian fisherman observed a strange shapeless mass projecting from an ice-bank, near the mouth of a river in the north of Siberia, the nature of which he did not understand, and which was so high in the bank as to be beyond his reach. He, next year, observed the same object, which was then rather more disengaged from among the ice, but was still unable to conceive what it was.

Towards the end of the following summer, 1801, he could distinctly see, that it was the frozen carcass of an enormous animal, the entire flank of which, and one of its tusks, had become disengaged from the ice.

In consequence of the ice beginning to melt earlier, and to a greater degree than usual in 1803, the fifth year of this discovery, the enormous carcass became entirely disengaged, and fell down from the ice-crag, on a sand-bank forming part of the coast of the Arctic ocean. In the month of March of that year, the Tungusian carried away the two tusks, which he sold for the value of fifty rubles; and at this time a drawing was made of the animal, of which I possess a copy.

Two years afterwards, or in 1806, Mr. Adams went to examine this animal, which still remained on the sand-bank, where it had fallen from the ice, but its body was then greatly mutilated. The *Jukuts* of the neighborhood, had taken away considerable quantities of its flesh to feed their dogs; and the wild animals, particularly the white bears, had also feasted on the carcass; yet the skeleton remained quite entire, except that one of the fore-legs was gone. The entire spine, the pelvis, one shoulder-blade, and three legs, were still held together by their ligaments, and by some remains of the skin, and the other shoulder-blade was found at a short distance.

The head remained, covered by the dried skin, and the pupil of the eyes was still distinguishable. The brain also remained within the skull, but a good deal shrunk and dried up; and one of the ears was in excellent preservation, still

retaining a tuft of strong bristly hair. The upper-lip was a good deal eaten away, and the under-lip was entirely gone so that the teeth were distinctly seen. The animal was a male, and had a long mane on its neck.

The skin was extremely thick and heavy, and as much of it remained as required the exertions of ten men to carry away, which they did with considerable difficulty. More than thirty pounds' weight of the hair and bristles of this animal were gathered from the wet sand-bank, having been trampled into the mud by the white bears, while devouring the carcass. Some of the hair was presented to our Museum of Natural History, by M. Targe, censor in the Lyceum of Charlemagne.

It consists of three distinct kinds. One of these is stiff black bristles, a foot or more in length; another is thinner bristles, or coarse flexible hair of a reddish brown color; and the third, is a coarse reddish brown wool, which grew among the roots of the long hair. These afford an undeniable proof, that this animal had belonged to a race of elephants inhabiting a cold region, with which we are now unacquainted, and by no means fitted to dwell in the torrid zone. It is also evident, that this enormous animal must have been frozen up by the ice at the moment of its death.

Mr. Adams, who bestowed the utmost care in collecting all the parts of the skeleton of this animal, proposes to publish an exact account of its osteology, which must be an exceedingly valuable present to the philosophical world. In the meantime, from the drawing I have now before me, I have every reason to believe, that the sockets of the teeth of this northern elephant, have the same proportional lengths with those of other fossil elephants, of which the entire skulls have been found in other places.

It is worthy of remark, that, although fossil bones of the elephant were described as such, in the middle of the sixteenth century, by Aldrovandus, it was not until two centuries afterwards that this opinion was credited. In the intermediate time, they were described as *lusus naturae*, bones of giants, *skeletons of fallen angels*, remains of marine animals, or of colossal baboons.

LESSON XXXII.

Anecdotes of Birds.—HALL.

I HAD once a favorite black hen — ‘a great beauty,’ she was called by every one, and so I thought her; her feathers were so jetty, and her topping so white and full! She knew my voice as well as any dog, and used to run cackling and bustling to my hand, to receive the crumbs that I never failed to collect from the breakfast-table for ‘Yarico’—so she was called.

Yarico, when about a year old, brought forth a respectable family of chickens—little, cowering, timid things at first, but in due time they became fine chubby ones; and old Nora, the hen-wife, said, ‘If I could only keep Yarico out of the copse, it would do; but the copse is full of weasels, and, I am sure, of foxes also. I have driven her back twenty times; but she watches till some one goes out of the gate, and then she’s off again: it’s always the way with young hens, miss—they think they know better than their keepers; and nothing cures them but losing a brood or two of chickens.’ I have often thought since, that young people, as well as young hens, buy their experience equally dear.

One morning I went with my crumbs to seek out my favorite in the poultry yard; plenty of hens were there, but no Yarico! The gate was open, and, as I concluded she had sought the forbidden copse, I proceeded there accompanied by the yard-mastiff, a noble fellow, steady and sagacious as a judge. At the end of a ragged lane, flanked on one side by a quick-set hedge, on the other by a wild common, what was called the copse commenced; but before I arrived near the spot, I heard a loud and tremendous cackling, and met two young long legged pullets, running with both wings and feet towards home. Jock pricked up his sharp ears, and would have set off at full gallop to the copse, but I restrained him, hastening onward, however, at the top of my speed, thinking that I had as good a right to see what was the matter as Jock.

Poor Yarico! An impertinent fox-cub had attempted to carry off one of her children; but she had managed to get them behind her in the hedge, and venturing boldly forth, had placed herself in front, and positively kept the impudent

animal at bay; his desire for plunder had prevented his noticing our approach, and Jock soon made him feel the superiority of an English mastiff over a cub-fox.

The most interesting portion of my tale is to come. Yari-co not only never afterwards ventured to the copse, but formed a strong friendship for the dog, who preserved her family. Whenever he appeared in the yard, she would run to meet him, prating and clucking all the time, and impeding his progress by walking between his legs, to his no small annoyance. If any other dog entered the yard, she would fly at him most furiously, thinking, perhaps, that he would injure her chickens; but she evidently considered Jock her especial protector, and treated him accordingly.

It was very droll to see the peculiar look with which he regarded his feathered friend; not exactly knowing what to make of her civilities, and doubting how they should be received. When her family were educated and able to do without her care, she was a frequent visiter at Jock's kennel, and would, if permitted, roost there at night, instead of returning with the rest of the poultry to the hen-house. Yarico certainly was a most grateful and interesting bird.

One could almost believe the parrot had intellect, when he keeps up a conversation so spiritedly; and it certainly is singular to observe how accurately a well-trained bird will apply his knowledge. A friend of mine knew one that had been taught many sentences; thus—'Sally, Poll wants her breakfast!' 'Sally, Poll wants her tea!' but she never mistook the one for the other; breakfast was invariably demanded in the morning, and tea in the afternoon; and she always hailed her master, but no one else, by 'How do you do, Mr. A?'

She was a most amusing bird, and could whistle dogs, which she had great pleasure in doing. She would drop bread out of her cage as she hung at the street door, and whistle a number about her, and then, just as they were going to possess themselves of her bounty, utter a shrill scream of—'Get out, dogs!' with such vehemence and authority, as dispersed the assembled company without a morsel, to her infinite delight.

How wonderful is that instinct, by which the bird of passage performs its annual migration! But how still more wonderful is it, when the bird, after its voyage of thousands of miles has been performed and new lands visited, returns to the precise window or eaves where the summer before it

first enjoyed existence! And yet such is unquestionably the fact. Four brothers had watched with indignation the felonious attempts of the sparrow to possess himself of the nest of the house-martin, in which lay its young brood of four unfledged birds.

The little fellows considered themselves as champions for the bird who had come over land and sea, and chosen its shelter under their mother's roof. They therefore marshalled themselves with blow-guns, to execute summary vengeance; but their well-meant endeavors brought destruction upon the mud-built domicile they wished to defend. Their artillery loosened the foundations, and down it came, precipitating its four little inmates to the ground. The mother of the children, good Samaritan-like, replaced the little outcasts in their nest, and set it in the open window of an unoccupied chamber.

The parent-birds, after the first terror was over, did not appear disconcerted by the change of situation, but hourly fed their young as usual, and testified by their unwearied twitter of pleasure, the satisfaction and confidence they felt. There the young birds were duly fledged, and from that window began their flight, and entered upon life for themselves. The next spring, with the reappearance of the martins, came four, who familiarly flew into the chamber, visited all the walls, and expressed their recognition by the most clamorous twitterings of joy. They were, without question, the very birds that had been bred there the preceding year.



LESSON XXXIII.

The Government of the Temper.—MRS. CHAPONE.

It is observed, that every temper is inclined, in some degree, either to passion, peevishness, or obstinacy. Many are so unfortunate as to be inclined to each of the three in turn: it is necessary, therefore, to watch the bent of our nature, and to apply the remedies proper for the infirmity to which we are most liable.

With regard to the first, it is so injurious to society, and so odious in itself, especially in the female character, that one would think shame alone would be sufficient to preserve

a young lady from giving way to it; for it is as unbecoming her character to be betrayed into ill behavior by *passion* as by *intoxication*, and she ought to be ashamed of the one as much as of the other. Gentleness, meekness, and patience, are her peculiar distinctions; and an enraged woman is one of the most disagreeable sights in nature.

It is plain, from experience, that the most passionate people can command themselves, when they have a motive sufficiently strong—such as the presence of those they fear, or to whom they particularly desire to recommend themselves: it is therefore no excuse to persons, whom you have injured by unkind reproaches, and unjust aspersions, to tell them you was in a passion: the allowing yourself to speak to them in passion is a proof of an insolent disrespect, which the meanest of your fellow creatures would have a right to resent.

When once you find yourself heated so far, as to desire to say what you know would be provoking and wounding to another, you should immediately resolve either to be silent or to quit the room, rather than to give utterance to any thing dictated by so bad an inclination. Be assured, you are then unfit to reason or to reprove, or to hear reason from others. It is, therefore, your part to retire from such an occasion of sin; and wait till you are cool, before you presume to judge of what has passed.

By accustoming yourself thus to conquer and disappoint your anger, you will, by degrees, find it grow weak and manageable, so as to leave your reason at liberty: you will be able to restrain your tongue from evil, and your looks and gestures from all expressions of violence and ill-will. Pride, which produces so many evils in the human mind, is the great source of passion. Whoever cultivates in himself a proper humility, a due sense of his own faults and insufficiencies, and a due respect for others, will find but small temptation to violent or unreasonable anger.

In the case of real injuries, which justify and call for resentment, there is a noble and generous kind of anger, a proper and necessary part of our nature, which has nothing sinful or degrading. I would not wish you insensible to this; for the person who feels not an injury, must be incapable of being properly affected by benefits. With those who treat you ill, without provocation, you ought to maintain your own dignity.

But, in order to do this, whilst you show a sense of their

improper behavior, you must preserve calmness, and even good breeding, and thereby convince them of the impotence as well as injustice of their malice. You must also weigh every circumstance with candor and charity, and consider whether your showing the resentment deserved, may not produce ill consequences to innocent persons—as is almost always the case in family quarrels—and whether it may not occasion the breach of some duty or necessary connection, to which you ought to sacrifice even your just resentments.

Above all things, take care that a particular offence to you, does not make you unjust to the general character of the offending person. Generous anger does not preclude esteem for whatever is really estimable, nor does it destroy goodwill to the person of its object: it even inspires the desire of overcoming him by benefits, and wishes to inflict no other punishment than the regret of having injured one who deserved his kindness: it is always placable, and ready to be reconciled, as soon as the offender is convinced of his error: nor can any subsequent injury provoke it to recur to past disobligations, which had been once forgiven.



LESSON XXXIV.

On a Sleeping Boy.—ANONYMOUS.

SLEEP—and while slumber weighs thine eyelids down,
May no foul phantom o'er thy pillow frown;
But brightest visions deck thy tranquil bed,
And angels' wings o'ercanopy thy head.
Sleep on, sweet boy! may no dark dream arise
To mar thy rosy rest—thou babe of Paradise!

See where the glowing hands are closely pressed,
As when from prayer he softly sunk to rest;
Mark how with half-closed lips and cherub smile,
He looks, as still he prayed, and slept the while.
Yet, yet they seem as if they whispered praise
For all the blessings of his halcyon days.

Bid, oh, Almighty Father, God, and Friend!
Religion's glories on his steps attend;
To shine through all the dreary storms of life,

A splendid beacon in this world of strife;
And when to Thee recalled, he sinks in death,
May prayer and praise still bless his parting breath!

LESSON XXXV

Nature. — ANONYMOUS.

I LOVE to set me on some steep
That overhangs the billowy deep,
And hear the waters roar;
I love to see the big waves fly,
And swell their bosoms to the sky,
Then burst upon the shore.

I love, when seated on its brow,
To look o'er all the world below,
And eye the distant vale;
From thence to see the waving corn
With yellow hue the hills adorn,
And bend before the gale.

I love far downward to behold
The shepherd with his bleating fold,
And hear the tinkling sound
Of little bell and mellow flute,
Wafted on zephyrs soft, now mute,
Then swell in echoes round.

I love to range the valleys too,
And towering hills from thence to view
Which rear their heads on high,
When nought beside, around, is seen
But one extended space between
And overhead the sky.

I love to see, at close of day,
Spread o'er the hills the sun's broad ray,
While rolling down the west;
When every cloud in rich attire,
And half the sky, that seems on fire,
In purple robes is dressed.

I love, when evening veils the day,
And Luna shines with silver ray,
To cast a glance around,
And see ten thousand worlds of light
Shine, ever new, and ever bright,
O'er the vast vault profound.

I love to let wild fancy stray,
And walk the spangled Milky-way,
Up to the shining height,
Where thousand thousand burning rays
Mingle in one eternal blaze,
And charm the ravished sight.

I love from thence to take my flight,
Far downward on the beams of light,
And reach my native plain,
Just as the flaming orb of day
Drives night, and mists, and shades away,
And cheers the world again.



LESSON XXXVI.

The Frost.—MISS GOULD.

THE Frost looked forth one still, clear night,
And whispered, ' Now I shall be out of sight;
So through the valley and over the height,
In silence I'll take my way.

I will not go on like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain,
But I'll be as busy as they!'

Then he flew to the mountain, and powdered its crest;
He lit on the trees, and their boughs he drest
In diamond beads—and over the breast
Of the quivering lake, he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The downward point of many a spear,
That he hung on its margin, far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane, like a fairy, crept;
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,
By the light of the morn were seen
Most beautiful things; there were flowers and trees;
There were beves of birds and swarms of bees;
There were cities with temples and towers; and these
All pictured in silver sheen!

But he did one thing that was hardly fair.
He peeped in the cupboard, and finding there,
That all had forgotten for him to prepare,
'Now, just to set them a thinking,
I'll bite this basket of fruit,' said he,
'This costly pitcher I'll burst in three;
And the glass of water they've left for me
Shall "tchick!" to tell them I'm drinking!'

LESSON XXXVII.

Affability.—PINNOCK.

AFFABILITY is both an indication of good manners and goodness of heart, and a passport into the esteem and affection of the hearts of others.

It is commonly remarked, that those, who have the greatest claim to the respectful humility of others, are usually the most affable in themselves; while, contrariwise, upstarts and pretenders, conscious of their destitution of those qualities or advantages to which respect is due, endeavor to extort it by an affected dignity of deportment, and a half-ferocious haughtiness of speech.

No man can sin with impunity against the feelings of his fellows. Though adventitious circumstances may secure him from their open rebellion against his self-established tyranny, they never fail to take their revenge upon him, by ridiculing his affectation, and decrying his talents, the moment that they are fairly quit of his company.

On the other hand, **AFFABILITY** is made an apology for many failings and deficiencies. 'Such a one,' people will frequently say, 'is exceedingly plain in his countenance, and diminutive in his stature, but he is so **AFFABLE**!'

The greatest and most powerful men have owed much of the public prosperity to their AFFABILITY as individuals; while men of the highest talents have been grudgingly praised, through evincing an ill-judged, or an unconscious, haughtiness of address.

All that is amiable is deserving of attention and acquirement; and in their future commerce with the world, our young readers will find an habitual AFFABILITY one of the most efficient means of procuring the good offices and good opinion of mankind.



LESSON XXXVIII.

The Honest Farmer.

A FARMER called on Earl Fitz William, to represent that his crop of wheat had been seriously injured in a field adjoining a certain wood, where his Lordship's hounds had, during the winter, frequently met to hunt, and he estimated the damage his crops had suffered at £50. The Earl immediately gave him the money. As the harvest approached, however the wheat grew, and in those parts of the field, that were most trampled, the corn was strongest and most luxuriant. The farmer went again to his Lordship: 'I am come, my Lord, respecting the field of wheat adjoining the wood.' 'Well my friend, did I not allow you sufficient to remunerate you for your loss?' 'Yes, my Lord, I have found that I sustained no loss at all, and I have, therefore, brought the £50 back again.' 'Ah!' exclaimed the venerable Earl, 'this is what I like—this is as it should be between man and man.' He then entered into conversation with the farmer, asked him some questions about his family, how many children he had, &c. His Lordship then went into another room, and returning, presented the farmer with a check for £100. 'Take care of this; and when your eldest son is of age, present it to him, and tell him the occasion which produced it.'



LESSON XXXIX.

Adoration of the Wise Men of the East.—BIBLE.

Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem, Saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him. When Herod the king had heard these things, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him. And when he had gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together, he demanded of them where Christ should be born. And they said unto him, In Bethlehem of Judea: for thus it is written by the prophet, And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda: for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule my people Israel.

Then Herod, when he had privily called the wise men, inquired of them diligently what time the star appeared. And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said, Go, and search diligently for the young child; and when ye have found him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also. When they had heard the king, they departed; and lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was. When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

And when they were come into the house, they saw the

young child with Mary his mother, and fell down, and worshipped him: and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh. And being warned of God in a dream that they should not return to Herod, they departed into their own country another way.

LESSON XL.

How a Fly walks on the Ceiling.—THE PEARL.

‘WILL you explain to us, papa, the means by which flies are enabled to ascend a pane of glass and walk with ease along the ceiling of the room? You know you told us the other day you would do so.’

‘Well, Harriet, I will try; though I am not sure that I shall be able to make you understand me.’

‘Oh, never fear that,’ exclaimed Harriet and her two little brothers at the same time; ‘we can surely understand how a fly walks—it must be very simple.’

‘Undoubtedly very simple; but it requires some previous knowledge of philosophy.’

‘Oh, if the walking of a fly or a musquito is at all connected with philosophy, I assure you I shall want to know nothing about it, for I hate philosophy, it is such dry stuff.’

‘Never mind my sister, papa,’ said William. ‘James and I want very much to understand, and Harriet need not stay to hear the explanation, if she does not like.’

‘Well, come, my boys, to the library. I have just arranged my solar microscope, to show you the foot and leg of a fly, and some other curious things. I have likewise my air pump ready, which will help to explain what you want to know.’

Harriet looked a little disappointed, and wished that she had not pronounced so decidedly against philosophy, for she was very fond of seeing, and only disliked the labor of studying. Her papa observing the moody expression of her lively countenance, said, ‘I wish you, William, to try and persuade your sister to overcome so much of her dislike to philosophy, for the present, as to accompany us to the library.’ William had no difficult task to perform, and in a minute they were all seated in the library, eager to hear all that could be said about the little pedestrian.

‘The fly,’ the father began, ‘my children, every time he

moves his foot, performs a philosophical experiment, similar, in every respect, to that which I now show you, by moving the handle of the air pump. You perceive that this glass vessel, which is put on this brass plate, now adheres so firmly to it, that I am unable to force it away.'

'How wonderful!' exclaimed Harriet. 'It is as fast to the plate, as the friend of Hercules, that I read about the other day, was to the stone on which he sat, in the drear dominions of Pluto.'

'How is this done, father? it looks like some conjuror's trick. I see nothing pressing upon the glass, to cause it to stick so fast.'

'Though you cannot see it, I assure you there is something pressing very hard upon, and all around it, and that is the air.'

'You astonish me. Has the air weight? I never heard of that before. I shall never say again, as light as air.'

'But you have heard of hurricanes sweeping away forests and houses, and rendering the countries over which they passed, a wilderness; and in truth, they are almost as much to be dreaded as earthquakes, and a hurricane is only air put in motion.'

'I have been very stupid not to find out that air has weight, but how is it that we do not feel it, papa? To be sure,' continued Harriet, 'if it was so heavy it would pin us to the earth, as Prometheus was fastened to the rock; and then we should be in a pretty condition, I think. How will you answer that, papa?'

'I have had a more puzzling question to answer, I assure you. The air is a very subtile fluid, and finds its way into every crevice; and one of its properties is, that it presses equally in all directions, up and down, and sideways, with equal force, and we only perceive its weight when we remove the air from one side of a body, so as to cause the whole weight to be upon the other. In this glass vessel I withdrew the air that was in the inside of it, and which pressed it upwards with a force exactly equal to that with which the air above pressed downwards, and then the whole weight of the atmosphere pressing in one direction, kept it firmly attached to the brass plate.'

'That is a very beautiful arrangement,' cried William, 'I shall never breathe the air again, without thinking of its wonderful properties.'

'I will take off this vessel and put this one on, which is

open at both ends; now put your hand, Harriet, on the upper end, and I will cause a slight vacuum to take place, so that you may feel the pressure.'

'Stop, father, you will crush my hand to pieces, if you move that handle another time. Do look at my hand, William, the gripe of a giant would be nothing to that.'

William tried the experiment for himself. 'How heavy is the atmosphere, papa, I should like to know that.'

'It is very great; it presses upon the surface of all bodies near the level of the ocean, with a force equal to fourteen pounds in every square inch.'

'But I will now show you another experiment, showing the pressure of the atmosphere. I place this glass vessel which is open at both ends, on the plate of the air pump; on the top of it I place the piece of glass, which is so closely fitted as to exclude the air. I now withdraw the air from under it.

'What a crash, father,' exclaimed William and Harriet at the same instant, as the glass was shivered to pieces by the weight of the air.

'I think you can now understand, that if a fly has the power to extract the air from its feet as it moves along, the pressure of the atmosphere is sufficient to hold it fast to any surface, however smooth, and however much inclined to the horizon.'

'If the fly can do that, he is more of a philosopher than I took him for,' said William. 'But I am impatient to see how the little fellow accomplishes the feat.'

'Here is the leg of a common fly, that I have placed in the solar microscope, now I bring it to the proper focus. It is now so much magnified that we can examine the various parts of it with ease.'

'What a strange looking thing it is, and so large, my arm is nothing to it. How I should like to see an elephant put in a microscope.'

'What an idea, Harriet, why it would appear as large as one of the Alps,' exclaimed William.

'We only use microscopes to examine bodies that are too delicate for the eye, but you will observe that the leg is hollow, for there is a line of light running up the middle of it, which you can easily perceive. At the foot you can distinctly observe a flap or membrane, to which are attached two points, one in front, and the other behind. These the fly can move at pleasure, and can extend or contract the flap just as it pleases. When Mr. Fly then wishes to pay a visit of cere-

mony to a distinguished acquaintance, or to move with gravity around his fair one, without the trouble of raising himself in the air, he stretches out these points, tightens the flap, draws the air from under it, and moves along the polished surface of the glass with as much ease and security, as you can on the broad gravel walk in the garden.'

'How delightful! How beautiful! How ingenious!' they all exclaimed at once. 'I shall never see a fly again without interest.'

LESSON XLI.

History of a School Desk.—CLASSICAL JOURNAL.

I WAS made in Philadelphia, in a carpenter's shop; myself and three others being joined together in one frame. When finished our lids were all covered with beautiful green baize, and the color of the cherry of which we were made, was rendered of a dark, rich, and glossy hue, by a handsome coat of varnish which the carpenter carefully applied.

I recollect, when we were coming home, with what contempt I looked down upon a load of common school desks which we passed in the street. Alas! little did I think to what indignities I should myself subsequently be exposed.

I was placed with many other similar desks in a long and very pleasant room, and in a few days afterwards, there came in a considerable number of young ladies, of various ages, and the school commenced.

A pleasant looking girl was stationed before me; I never could ascertain her name, as it was not written upon the outside of any of her books. I soon found that she was quite pleased with my form and appearance, for she took great pleasure in arranging all her books and papers in great order, and often surveyed me with a look of much satisfaction.

Her books were placed carefully in one corner, her slate in another, and her manuscripts in a third; and whenever she had any thing for a luncheon at school, she was careful to put it into a paper by itself. She made, however, one mistake; for not many hours after she took possession of me, while busily engaged in writing, she laid her pen, which was full of ink, down upon my face, and made an ugly ink spot.

She however instantly perceived it, and with a countenance

expressive of great solicitude, she hastened to bring a wet sponge, and with it she carefully and gently, but thoroughly, removed the spot. I found great assistance from my coat of varnish in this adventure, as this substance prevented the ink passing through into the pores of the wood.

I found that my mistress was much beloved by her fellow pupils; they often came to sit with her, and entertain me with their conversation. I observed, too, that when the teacher of the school came to her desk to speak to her, she always looked pleased and happy, and was not afraid to open her desk in his presence, if he wished any thing from it.

This happy life however could not long continue. I was one day surprised and grieved, to find my mistress taking out her books and carrying them away, and there came instead another girl, who brought a most confused collection of books, maps, manuscripts, rules, boxes, pens, and paper, and tumbled them all together into me.

She hastily crowded some of the largest books into the back part of the desk, pushed the other things this way and that a little, then let my lid fall down with a violence that terrified me, and ran off into the play-room. I thought that she would put me in order when she returned; but no, this was the usual treatment which I received from her.

When she wanted any thing she tumbled over her books and papers until she found it; her luncheon was kept with every thing else, and soon the broken crumbs were strewn all around; and what was worse than all the rest, she inked the beautiful cherry wood of which I was made, again and again, without any concern.

Sometimes she would upset her inkstand, and then never more than half wipe up the ink. In such cases I made as much effort as I could, with the help of my varnish, to prevent the ink insinuating itself into my pores, but all in vain, it would get through, and I was afraid it would stain indelibly my beautiful wood.

I think the teacher of this school was very much to blame for not getting some old, inky, wooden desks for those of his pupils who like such a place for study, and not give them such beautiful pieces of furniture as we are, merely to see them spoiled. The teacher would occasionally say something to his pupils about the importance of tidiness, and of keeping the desks neat, and then my mistress would take it into her head to brush up her establishment.

She would put her books into some tolerable order, and

would get a wet sponge, and rub the outside of the desk in a vain attempt to remove the spots. Ink spots, like bad habits, must be removed as soon as they are first formed, otherwise they become indelibly fixed. The repeated rubbings which my mistress thus gave me, had no effect but to wear away the varnish, and turn me from a glossy bright color to a dirty brown. I soon considered myself irretrievably spoiled.

After a time my mistress was changed again; and the one who succeeded her remains to this day. She has spread a large paper on the inside, and arranges her books and papers neatly upon them. If she makes a blot she wipes it off at once carefully. A few afternoons since, two or three ladies came into the school-room, and one of them lifted up my lid and said to the others, 'See how neatly these scholars keep their desks.'



LESSON XLII.

Happy Death.—YOUTH'S COMPANION.

IT is but seldom that we hear of so much patience manifested under so intense agony, as was recently exhibited in a son of Rev. Mr. Pomeroy, of Gorham, who lately died in the eighth year of his age. For the last seven months of his life, he was unable to move an inch—and suffering all the time as much as he did on the day of his death. Yet all these distressing pains were borne without a murmuring word or complaining look. And his attachment to prayer during his whole sickness, which lasted over a twelvemonth, was truly remarkable; especially to family devotion he was uncommonly attached.

He would request to be awakened, if he should happen to fall asleep at such a season, and even when in his keenest agony. When any of his friends called to see him, he would invariably request them to kneel beside his bed and pray. And he was greatly astonished to know that every body did not observe family prayers. One day he was visited by a man, who had never prayed in his family. 'Now sir,' said the little boy, 'I want you to pray for me.'

'Well I do pray for you, it is my heart's desire that you may be relieved from pain and be happy.'

'But I want you to pray with me.'

But the man refused. Still he was urged, and urged again so earnestly that he was at last prevailed upon. 'I will pray with you, my dear little boy,' said the man of sixty years — and immediately fell upon his knees and offered an appropriate prayer.

This affectionate, suffering child, although as much attached to life perhaps as any one, never expressed a desire to live; and when asked by those whom he had requested to pray with him, for what they should pray, he replied, 'That I may be prepared to die *to-night*.' He was frequently heard to pray for himself, during the greater part of many sleepless nights, that he might be fully prepared to meet the approach of death, which he was sensible was fast hastening upon him.

And often he was overheard asking his heavenly Father to remove him from sin and pain to a better world, and where there is no *headache*; for a disorder in his head was the source of his greatest distress. He would also select passages of Scripture for those who visited him to read, and it was evident to all, that he took uncommon interest in hearing the word of God.

Perhaps never was a father more attached to his child than Mr. P.; and as the day of his son's dissolution drew near, the little boy would ask—'When will you come, Pa?—when will you come?' O he felt a strong and ardent desire, to have his father go with him to the world of bliss.

As the hour approached, when this suffering child was to be released from pain, and ushered into a purer state of existence, he was calm and untroubled in mind. The Savior he loved had taken away the sting of death: he had no fear, and peacefully and undisturbed he entered the gloomy vale, leaving a smile upon his brow, an index of that serenity, with which his spirit burst through her tenement of clay.

So often are we furnished with biographies of the happy deaths of children, it may be, that the healthy and playful youth seldom lay it to heart. But will you pass this by, little friend, without inquiring about your own preparation to die, should you be speedily called away from your juvenile circles? It is a truth that ought to sink deep in every breast — **THOU MUST DIE!**

But ah, how few among the giddy throng of the young and the careless, ever seriously put to themselves the question — *Am I prepared to die?* Do not you, reader, put off

this momentous inquiry; but try to be a young disciple of Jesus; doing those things only which are well pleasing in his sight. Be assured then, if you do obey him, that you also will have peace in death, and go at last to dwell with all the ransomed of the Lord.



LESSON XLIII.

A Mother's Tears.—THE WORLD.

THERE is a sweetness, a sacredness in a mother's tears, when they fall on the face of a dying babe, which no eye can behold with a heart untouched. It is holy ground, upon which the unhallowed foot of profanity dares not encroach. Infidelity itself is silent, and forbears her mocking, and here woman shows not her weakness, but her strength. It is that strength of attachment, which man never did nor never can feel. It is perennial, dependent on no climate, no changes, nor soil; but alike in storms as in sunshine, it knows no shadow of turning.

A father, when he sees his child going down the dark valley, may weep when the shadow of death has fully come over him, and as the last departing knell falls on his ears, may say, 'I will go down to the grave to my son mourning;' but he turns away in the hurry of business, the tear is wiped, and though when he returns to his fireside, the sportive laugh comes up to his remembrance, the succeeding day blunts the poignancy of grief, and it finds no permanent seat.

Not so with her who has borne and nourished the tender blossom. It lives in the heart, where it was first entwined in the dreaming hours of night. She sees its playful mirth, or hears its plaintive cries; she 'seeks it in the morning,' and 'she goes to the grave to weep there.' Its little toys are carefully laid aside as sacred mementos, to keep continually alive that thrilling anguish, which the dying struggle and last sad look produced; and though grief, like a canker worm, may be gnawing at her vitals, yet she finds a luxury in her tears, a sweetness in her sorrow, which none but a mother ever tasted

LESSON XLIV.

Know Thyself.—KRUMMACHER.

STREPHON, a Grecian youth of distinction, said one day to his preceptor: I should like to go to Delphi, to consult the oracle respecting my future destiny. I should then, I think, be able to regulate my life much better, and to choose with greater certainty the path of wisdom. If such be thy notion, replied the preceptor, I will accompany thee.

They proceeded on their way, and arrived at Delphi. With a peculiar feeling of awe, the youth traversed the ground that surrounded the sanctuary. They reached the temple, and seated themselves opposite to it. Strephon observed the inscription over the entrance: 'KNOW THYSELF.' What mean these words? said he to his preceptor.

They are easily explained, replied the latter. Consider who thou art, and for what purpose thou hast received life. A man should first learn to know himself, before he can fathom the counsels of the Deity.

Who am I then? asked the youth. Thou art Strephon, replied his preceptor, the son of the virtuous Agathias. Behold, that essence which thinks within thee, and which is about to learn its fate from the lips of the priest—that essence is thyself. That invisible spirit is destined to govern thine actions and to mould thy whole life into one pure and harmonious whole. Thus wilt thou become like the Deity, and contented with thyself: for the man, in whom the spirit predominates, may be compared to a well-tuned lyre, which produces only melodious tones.

But he, who is governed by sensual passions and desires, is a slave, and base lusts lead him at pleasure into ungodly ways. Whoever, then, is thoroughly sensible of his destination, and examines how far he has advanced towards the goal, or deviated from it—such an one truly knows himself.

The youth made no reply. The preceptor then said Well, let us now enter the sacred fane! But Strephon replied: No, my dear master, the inscription is enough for me; I am ashamed of my foolish wish, and have too much to do with myself and with the present, to concern myself about the future.

Repent not thy journey, said the preceptor; thou hast

attained thine aim, and heard the voice of God. Thou art on the road to wisdom; I am assured of this by thy humility, the first fruit of the knowledge of one's self.

LESSON XLV.

Anecdote from the Studies of Nature.—ST. PIERRE.

THE following anecdote is told by St. Pierre, to show how unfit it would be for us, in our present condition, to have a full display of heaven.

I remember that on my return to France, in a vessel which had been on a voyage to India, as soon as the sailors perfectly distinguished the land of their native country, they became in a great measure incapable of attending to the business of the ship. Some looked at it wistfully, without the power of minding any thing else; others dressed themselves in their best clothes, as if they were just going that moment to disembark; some talked to themselves, and others wept.

As we approached, the disorder of their minds increased. As they had been absent several years, there was no end to their admiration of the verdure of the hills, the foliage of the trees, and even the rocks which skirted the shore, covered over with sea weeds and mosses. The church spires of the villages where they were born, which they distinguished at a distance up the country, and which they named one after another, filled them with transports of delight.

But when the vessel entered the port, and when they saw on the quays, their friends, their fathers, their mothers, their wives, and their children stretching out their arms to them with tears of joy, and calling them by their names, it was no longer possible to retain a single man on board; they all sprung ashore, and it became necessary, according to the custom of the port, to employ another set of mariners to bring the vessel to her mooring.

What then would be the case, were we indulged with a sensible display of that heavenly country, inhabited by those who are dearest to us, and who are worthy of our most sublime affections? The laborious and vain cares of this life would from that moment come to an end. Its duties would be forsaken, and all our powers and feelings would be lost

in perpetual rapture. It is in wisdom therefore that a veil is spread over the glories of futurity. Let us enjoy the hope that the happy land awaits us, and in the meantime let us fulfil with cheerfulness and patience what belongs to our present condition.

LESSON XLVI.

The Happiest Time.—MISS M. A. BROWNE.

WHEN are we happiest—when the light of morn
 Wakes the young roses from their crimson rest;
 When cheerful sounds, upon the fresh winds borne
 Tell, man resumes his work with blither zest;
 While the bright waters leap from rock to glen—
 Are we the happiest then?

Alas, those roses!—they will fade away,
 And thunder-tempests will deform the sky;
 And summer heats bid the spring buds decay,
 And the clear sparkling fountain may be dry;
 And nothing beauteous may adorn the scene,
 To tell what it has been!

When are we happiest?—in the crowded hall,
 When fortune smiles, and flatterers bend the knee?
 How soon,—how very soon, such pleasures pall!
 How fast must falsehood's rainbow coloring flee;
 Its poison flow'rets brave the sting of care:
 We are not happy there!

Are we the happiest, when the evening hearth
 Is circled with its crown of living flowers?
 When goeth round the laugh of harmless mirth,
 And when affection from her bright urn showers
 Her richest balm on the dilating heart?
 Bliss! is it there thou art?

Oh, no!—not there; it would be happiness
 Almost like heaven's, if it might always be,
 Those brows without one shading of distress,
 And wanting nothing but eternity;
 But they are things of earth, and pass away,—
 They must, they must decay

Those voices must grow tremulous with years,
 Those smiling brows must wear a tinge of gloom
 Those sparkling eyes be quenched in bitter tears,
 And, at the last, close darkly in the tomb.
 If happiness depend on them alone,
 How quickly is it gone!

When are we happiest, then?—oh! when resigned
 To whatsoe'er our cup of life may brim;
 When we can know ourselves but weak and blind,
 Creatures of earth! and trust alone in Him
 Who giveth, in his mercy, joy or pain:
 Oh! we are happiest then!

LESSON XLVII.

To My Child.—BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

I LOVE to gaze upon thy cheek
 Of roseate hue, my child;
 I love to mark thy quick blue eye,
 So sparkling and so mild—
 To 'twine those sunny locks of thine,
 And kiss thy forehead fair;
 And see thy little hands held up
 In sweet and guileless prayer.

Yes: bright and beautiful thou art,
 And playful as the fawn,
 That bounds, with footsteps light as air,
 Across the dewy lawn;
 And when the day is over,
 And thy pleasant gambols done,
 Thou'lt calmly sink to rest, nor think
 Of all beyond the sun.

Thou dream'st not of a mother's cares,
 Her anxious hopes, my boy;
 Thy skies are ever clear, thy thoughts
 Are full of mirth and joy;
 And nestled in a parent's arms,
 Or seated on her knee,

Listening to oft told childish tales,
What 's all the world to thee?

Moments of thoughtless innocence,
Why do ye fly so fast,
Leaving the weary heart to feel
Life's sweetest hours are past!
And flinging o'er the fairy land
That bloomed, when ye were near,
With light and loveliness, the mist
Of trouble, doubt, and fear.

Ay! rove, with all thy artlessness,
Along the verdant mead,
And gather wild flowers, springing thick,
Beneath thine infant tread;
And take thy fill of blameless glee,
For soon 't will pass away;
I, too, will leave my cares awhile,
To watch thy merry play.

LESSON XLVIII.

Rocks of Lake Superior.—CASS.

UPON the southern coast of Lake Superior, about fifty miles from the falls of St. Mary, are the immense precipitous cliffs, called by the voyager Le Pottrail, the Pictured Rocks. This name has been given them, in consequence of the different appearances which they present to the traveller, as he passes their base in his canoe. It requires little aid from the imagination to discern in them the castellated tower and lofty dome, and every sublime, grotesque, or fantastic shape, which the genius of architecture ever invented. These cliffs are an unbroken mass of rocks, rising to an elevation of 300 feet above the level of the lake and stretching along the coast for fifteen miles.

The voyagers never pass this coast except in the most profound calm; and the Indians, before they make the attempt, offer their accustomed oblation, to propitiate the favor of their Monitas. The eye instinctively searches along this eternal

rampart for a single place of security; but the search is in vain. With an impassable barrier of rocks on one side, and an interminable expanse of water on the other, a sudden storm upon the lake would as inevitably assure destruction of the passenger in his frail canoe, as if he were on the brink of the cataract of Niagara.

The rock itself is a sand stone, which is disintegrated by the continual action of the water with comparative facility. There are no broken masses upon which the eye can rest and find relief. The lake is so deep, that these masses as they are torn from the precipice, are concealed beneath its water until it is reduced to sand. The action of the waves has undermined every projecting point.

When we passed this immense fabric of nature, the wind was still and the lake was calm. But even the slightest motion of the waves, which in the most profound calm agitates these internal seas, swept through the deep covers with the noise of the distant thunder, and died away upon the ear, as it rolled forward in the dark recesses inaccessible to human observation. No sound more melancholy or more awful ever vibrated upon human nerves. It has left an impression which neither time nor distance can ever efface.

Resting in a frail bark canoe upon the limpid waters of the lake, we seemed almost suspended in air, so pellucid is the element upon which we floated. In gazing upon the towering battlements which impended over us, and from which the smallest fragment would have destroyed us, we felt, and felt intensely, our own insignificance. No situation can be imagined more appalling to the courage, or more humbling to the pride of man. We appeared like a speck upon the face of the creation.

Our whole party, Indians, and voyagers, and soldiers, officers and servants, contemplated in mute astonishment the awful display of creative power, at whose base we hung; and no sound broke upon the ear to interrupt the ceaseless roaring of the waters. No splendid cathedral, no temple built with human hands, no pomp of worship could ever impress the spectator with such humility, and so strong a conviction of the immense distance between him and the Almighty Architect.

LESSON XLIX.

Rebellion in Massachusetts State Prison.—BUCKINGHAM.

A MORE impressive exhibition of moral courage, opposed to the wildest ferocity, under the most appalling circumstances, was never seen than that which was witnessed, by the officers of our State Prison, in the rebellion which occurred about five years since. Three convicts had been sentenced under the rules of the prison to be whipped in the yard, and by some effort of one of the other prisoners, a door had been opened at mid-day, communicating with the great dining hall, and through the warden's lodge with the street. The dining hall is long, dark and damp, from its situation near the surface of the ground, and in this all the prisoners assembled, with clubs and such tools as they could seize in passing through the work-shops.

Knives, hammers, and chisels, with every variety of such weapons, were in the hands of the ferocious spirits, who are drawn away from their encroachments on society, forming a congregation of strength, vileness, and talent, that can hardly be equalled on earth, even among the famed brigands of Italy. Men of all ages and characters, guilty of every variety of infamous crimes, dressed in the motley and peculiar garb of the institution, and displaying the wild and demoniac appearance that always pertains to imprisoned wretches, were gathered together for the single purpose of preventing the punishment, which was to be inflicted on the morrow, upon their comrades.

The warden, the surgeon, and some other officers of the prison were there at the time, and were alarmed at the consequences, likely to ensue from the conflict necessary to restore order. They huddled together and could scarcely be said to consult, as the stoutest among them lost all presence of mind in overwhelming fear. The news rapidly spread through the town, and a subordinate officer of most mild and kind disposition, hurried to the scene, and came calm and collected into the midst of the officers. The most equable tempered and the mildest man in the government was in this hour of peril the firmest.

He instantly despatched a request to Major Wainwright, commander of the marines stationed at the navy yard, for

assistance, and declared his purpose to enter into the hall and try the force of firm demeanor and persuasion upon the enraged multitude. All his brethren exclaimed against an attempt so full of hazard; but in vain. They offered him arms, a sword and pistols, but he refused them, and said, that he had no fear, and in case of danger arms would do him no service; and alone, with only a little rattan, which was his usual walking stick, he advanced into the hall, to hold parley with the selected, congregated, and enraged villains of the whole commonwealth.

He demanded their purpose, in thus coming together with arms, in violation of the prison laws. They replied, that they were determined to obtain the remission of the punishment of their three comrades. He said, it was impossible; the rules of the prison must be obeyed, and they must submit. At the hint of submission, they drew a little nearer together, prepared their weapons for service, and, as they were dimly seen in the further end of the hall, by those who observed, from the gratings that opened up to the day, a more appalling sight cannot be conceived, nor one of more moral grandeur, than that of the single man, standing within their grasp and exposed to be torn limb from limb instantly, if a word or look should add to the already intense excitement.

That excitement, too, was of a most dangerous kind. It broke not forth in noise and imprecations, but was seen only in the dark looks and the strained nerves, that showed a deep determination. The officer expostulated. He reminded them of the hopelessness of escape; that the town was alarmed, and that the government of the prison would submit to nothing but unconditional surrender. He said, that all those who would go quietly away, should be forgiven for this offence; but that, if every prisoner was killed in the contest, power enough would be obtained to enforce the regulations of the prison.

They replied that they expected that some would be killed, that death would be better than such imprisonment, and with that look and tone, which bespeaks an indomitable purpose, they declared, that not a man should leave the hall alive, till the flogging was remitted. At this period of the discussion their evil passions seemed to be more inflamed, and one or two offered to destroy the officer, who still stood firmer, and with a more temperate pulse, than did his friends

who saw from above, but could not avert the danger that threatened him.

Just at this moment, and in about fifteen minutes from the commencement of the tumult, the officer saw the feet of the marines, whose presence alone he relied on for succor, filing by the small upper lights. Without any apparent anxiety he had repeatedly turned his attention to their approach, and now he knew that it was his only time to escape, before a conflict for life became, as was expected, one of the most dark and dreadful in the world. He stepped slowly backwards, still urging them to depart, before the officers were driven to use the last resort of firearms. When within three or four feet of the door, it was opened, and closed instantly again, as he sprang through, and was so unexpectedly restored to his friends.

Major Wainwright was requested to order his men to fire down upon the convicts through the little windows, first with powder and then with ball, till they were willing to retreat; but he took a wiser as well as a bolder course, relying upon the effect which firm determination would have upon men so critically situated. He ordered the door to be again opened, and marched in at the head of twenty or thirty men, who filed through the passage and formed at the end of the hall, opposite to the crowd of criminals huddled together at the other.

He stated that he was empowered to quell the rebellion, that he wished to avoid shedding blood, but that he should not quit that hall alive, till every convict had returned to his duty. They seemed balancing the strength of the two parties; and replied that some of them were ready to die, and only waited for an attack to see who was the most powerful, swearing that they would fight to the last, unless the flogging was remitted, for they would not submit to any such punishment in the prison. Major Wainwright ordered his marines to load their pieces, and, that they might not be suspected of trifling, each man was made to hold up to view the bullet which he afterwards put in his gun.

This only caused a growl of determination, and no one blenched or seemed disposed to shrink from the foremost exposure. They knew that their number would enable them to bear down and destroy the handful of marines, after the first discharge, and before their pieces could be reloaded. Again they were ordered to retire; but they answered with

more ferocity than ever. The marines were ordered to take their aim so as to be sure and kill as many as possible—their guns were presented—but not a prisoner stirred, except to grasp more firmly his weapon.

Still desirous to avoid such a tremendous slaughter, as must have followed the discharge of a single gun, Major Wainwright advanced a step or two, and spoke even more firmly than before, urging them to depart. Again, and while looking directly into the muzzles of the guns, which they had seen loaded with ball, they declared their intention 'to fight it out.' This intrepid officer then took out his watch, and told his men to hold their pieces aimed at the convicts, but not to fire till they had orders; then turning to the prisoners he said, 'you must leave this hall—I give you three minutes to decide—if at the end of that time a man remains, he shall be shot dead.'

No situation of greater interest than this can be conceived. At one end of the hall a fearful multitude of the most desperate and powerful men in creation, waiting for the assault—at the other, a little band of disciplined men, waiting with arms presented, and ready, upon the least motion or sign, to begin the carnage—and their tall and imposing commander, holding up his watch to count the lapse of three minutes, given as the reprieve to the lives of numbers. No poet or painter can conceive of a spectacle of more dark and terrible sublimity—no human heart can conceive a situation of more appalling suspense.

For two minutes not a person or a muscle was moved, not a sound was heard in the unwonted stillness of the prison, except the labored breathings of the infuriated wretches, as they began to pant, between fear and revenge—at the expiration of two minutes, during which they had faced the ministers of death, with unblenching eyes, two or three of those in the rear and nearest to the further entrance went slowly out—a few more followed the example, dropping out quietly and deliberately, and before half of the last minute had gone, every man was struck by the panic and crowded for an exit; and the hall was cleared as if by magic. Thus the steady firmness of moral force, and the strong effect of determination, acting deliberately, awed the most savage men, and suppressed a scene of carnage, which would have instantly followed the least precipitancy or exertion of physical force.

LESSON L.

An Arab Caravan.—FULLER'S TRAVELS.

A CARAVAN presents in the evening a very active and cheerful scene. The camels which had been turned out to graze as soon as they halted and were unloaded, now return in separate groups, each of which, following the bell of its leader, proceeds directly to the spot where its master's tents are pitched.

When arrived there, the docile animals lie down of their own accord in a row, and their heads are attached, by halters, to a rope, which is fastened to a range of stakes about four feet high, extending along the front of the camp. They are then fed with large balls composed of barley meal and lentils, mixed up with water, which they swallow whole, and are left to ruminate till morning.

As soon as the night closes in, fires begin to blaze in every direction. They are made with dry thorns and stunted shrubs collected around the camp, and their flames throw a bright light on the groups of different travellers, who are seen squatted on the ground in front of their tents, or beside their piles of merchandise, some occupied with their pipes and coffee, and others enjoying their frugal evening's meal.

In an Oriental company, of whatever class it is composed, the harsh sounds of vulgar merriment are never to be heard; a low hum of conversation spreads through the camp, and as the evening advances, this gradually sinks into a silence, disturbed only by the occasional lowing of the camels.

All those persons who have once tried it, and who understand the Eastern languages, speak of a caravan as a very agreeable mode of travelling. The wild and solitary scenery through which it generally passes, the order and tranquillity with which it is conducted, the facility of conveying baggage; and the feeling of security which prevails, amply compensate for the slowness of its movements; and among hundreds of persons collected from the most distant parts of the Turkish empire, and the neighboring states, many of whom have spent their lives in travelling, there are to be found a never failing variety of associates and of anecdotes.

LESSON LI

Encounter with a Panther. — CABINET OF NATURAL HISTORY.

The scene of the following adventure of two intrepid hunters with an enormous panther, occurred in the southwestern part of the state of New York. We give that part of the encounter, which took place after the animal had been traced to a cave in the rock, where he had taken shelter.

WE approached the opening, and then the animal retired to the depth of its retreat. Our appearance now excited its displeasure, which was manifested by tremendous growls, that made the rocks ring again: it still seemed unwilling to leave such a place which offered so much security. We now resolved to try other measures to dislodge our enemy, and commenced by threshing at the aperture with a long stout pole; but this failed alike, with the other means we had employed to rouse it to action.

Emboldened at last by its cowardice, we attempted to punch it, but this had no other effect than to produce the most appalling growls and spitting, like a cat. Our dog Lion himself seemed sensible of the creature's want of spirit, and was with difficulty restrained from dashing in to the combat, in which event, his life would have paid the forfeit, without rendering us any assistance. Being convinced that nothing would induce the panther to leave its strong hold, I formed the resolution of shooting it, if possible, in its very den.

I requested my friend to stand in readiness to shoot, or let the dog in, in case I failed or the panther should spring at me. This arrangement made, I succeeded in getting a small distance into the cave, and after remaining some time, could see perfectly well.

I found, however, that there was no chance to shoot it even when so near; as instead of getting to the extreme end of the den, the panther had concealed itself behind a rock, which jutted so much above the bottom of the cave as to shield it completely from my view. The animal's cowardice increased my courage so much, that I determined on using every means to destroy it. I requested my companion to procure me a long pole to punch it with.

My plan was to lay my rifle parallel with the pole, and the moment the panther seized the end with his mouth, to fire, and then to shoot him directly in the head; and should

I be unsuccessful, and the panther make a rush, I was to fall flat on my front, provided I could not get out in time and let it run over me to escape. My friend, who was a bold man, and a first rate shot, was to kill it as soon as it appeared; or if the panther stopped to give me battle, was to let the dog in and seize it, and thus give me a chance to retire. I knew this was the only mode; for, were I to present any obstacle to the animal's progress, so that it could not conveniently pass, my life would pay the forfeit for my so doing; but, I had good reason to doubt its courage, and therefore felt no alarm for my safety.

My friend having procured the pole, I put my plan into operation; the first push I made roused the anger and ferocity of my enemy, and convinced me that nothing but cowardice on its part saved me from utter destruction. The cave echoed and trembled with his growling. The panther seized the end of the pole with so much fury as to bend it over the rock, and still keep its head from my view.

So long as I tried to pull the stick the animal kept a firm hold; but the moment I ceased pulling, it also relaxed its hold. The actions of this creature were so quick, that it was impossible to direct an aim at it with any degree of certainty; and on raising its head to seize the pole the flashes from its eyes were distinct, but so quick were they out of sight that it resembled, more than any thing else, sparks struck from a flint.

So strong was this animal that with both my hands and utmost strength, I could not pull its head one inch; after laboring some time in this way, I requested my companion to procure me a pole stouter than the first, so that when the animal seized it he could not press it behind the rock; and must of necessity keep its head in view. The pole, though not answering my expectations exactly, enabled me nevertheless to discharge my piece at the monster.

I was exceedingly desirous of making a fatal shot, and as an hour had elapsed since I entered the den, I determined, at all hazards, to fire. Possibly I might hit—eight chances out of ten were in my favor of doing so; or that in case I missed, I could, with one spring, clear the mouth of the cave. Under these impressions I thrust the pole once more at the panther, and the moment it was seized, levelled my rifle, and fired; at the next instant I made a spring at the opening; my feet slipped on the ice, and I slid backwards into the cave again.

My friend who was on the alert, seeing my fall, and apprehensive lest the panther had seized me, let Lion loose: he sprang over me in an instant, and made an attack upon the common enemy, whose fury was now aroused to the highest pitch by the ineffectual shot: the odds were fearfully great, as a single blow of the monster's paw was sufficient to hurl the poor dog with violence against the rocks, and, fortunately, beyond the reach of another, or his career would have ended on the spot.

It may be supposed that I quitted the cave with all possible despatch; for had I remained, my condition might have been even worse than poor Lion's, whose shoulder and side exhibited three frightful scratches, of some fourteen inches long, which left four of his ribs entirely bare. Our efforts to dislodge the panther proved, thus far, unavailing; and having spent much time and labor, and the day being excessively cold, we thought of blocking him up, until we could procure assistance and the means necessary to accomplish his destruction; for we felt unwilling, after all our toil, to suffer him to escape.

I recollected at this instant that whilst in the cave, I thought I saw a ray of light or small aperture at the extreme end, when the panther altered its position. I mentioned this circumstance to my companion, who proposed an examination of the back part, or outer side of the cavern; and I was to remain at the mouth, whilst he proceeded to examine.

This cavern was at the termination of the ledge of rocks, and jutted out considerably from the mountain, against which a great number of hemlocks had fallen, and these being covered with snow at the time, prevented our seeing the exact conformation of the ledge, until I mentioned the circumstance of my seeing the light. My friend proceeded there instantly, and soon returned with the information, that there was a small aperture in the rock about six inches wide, and one foot long; that the panther had completely jammed up the hole with his back, whilst its tail projected outside nearly its whole length.

Here was a discovery! I shall never forget the expression of my friend's countenance, when he exclaimed, with great emphasis, 'See here! I can take him by the tail! and I have a great mind to do so. I can then say, that I caught a full-grown, live panther by the tail.' I accordingly placed my rifle near his back, and fired, the ball coming out near his throat. It made one spring, and roared tremendously; bit

the rocks, and with its claws attempted to enlarge the aperture, and get at us; but the wound was mortal, and it fell dead in the cave. We then entered and dragged it out: it proved to be a male of the largest size

LESSON LII.

The Sailor's Daughter.—MRS. GILMAN.

SAFE rolls the Ship at anchor now,
The Sailor clears his anxious brow,
And with a deep, but silent vow,
 Blesses his only Daughter!

His duty, far has bid him roam,
Amid the dash of ocean's foam,
But welcome now the Sailor's home,
 And she, his little Daughter!

Her velvet arm is o'er him thrown,
Her words breathe forth in gladsome tone,
He feels that she is all his own,
 The Seaman's little Daughter!

' Father, you shall not quit your child,
And go upon the seas so wild,
For scarcely has my mother smiled,
 Upon her little Daughter!

I care not for the coral gay,
Nor costly shells, when you 're away,
Dear father, with my mother stay,
 And smile upon your Daughter!

We hear the fierce winds rushing by,
And then my mother heaves a sigh,
And when it storms, we sit and cry,
 My mother and your Daughter

Her head upon his shoulder lay,
He smoothed her silken ringlets' play;
She fell asleep, in that sweet way,
 The Seaman's little Daughter.



LESSON LIII.

Honor, Prudence, and Pleasure.—FROM THE ITALIAN.

HONOR, Prudence, and Pleasure undertook to keep house together. Honor was to govern the family, Prudence to provide for it, and Pleasure to conduct its arrangements.

For some time they went on exceedingly well, and with great propriety ; but, after awhile, Pleasure getting the upper hand, began to carry mirth to extravagance, and filled the house with gay, idle, riotous company, and the consequent expenses threatened the ruin of the establishment. Upon this Honor and Prudence, finding it absolutely necessary to break up the partnership, determined to quit the house, and leave Pleasure to go on her own way.

This could not continue long, as she soon brought herself to poverty, and came a begging to her former companions, Honor and Prudence, who had now settled together in another habitation.

However, they would never afterwards admit Pleasure to be a partner in their household, but sent for her occasionally, on holydays, to make them merry, and in return, they maintained her out of their alms.

APPLICATION.

The wants of nature are few: it is the office of reason to regulate both the taste and the appetite; and those who are governed by her laws, will be enabled to leave their wealth, their health, and their example, rich endowments to their heirs.

All beyond enough is too much, all beyond nourishment is luxury, all beyond decency is extravagance. Intemperance has a smiling and alluring aspect, but a dreadful retinue; consisting of the whole assemblage of diseases; for Death has been their cook and has infused slow poison into every sauce.

Luxury is to property, what a plague is to health; it is equally contagious, and equally destructive; it is the disease of which not only individuals, but the noblest monarchies and most flourishing states, have died; in consequence of which even the richest cities may be reduced to misery, and the posterity of its citizens become as poor as their earliest ancestors were, without their continence, industry or virtue.



LESSON LIV.

Moscow, before the Conflagration.—DR. CLARKE.

THERE is nothing more extraordinary in this country than the transition of the seasons. The people of Moscow have no spring. Winter *vanishes* and summer *is*! This is not the work of a week, or a day, but of one instant; and the manner of it exceeds belief. We came from Petersburg to Moscow in sledges. The next day snow was gone. On the eighth of April, at mid-day, snow beat in at our carriage windows.

On the same day, at sunset, arriving in Moscow, we had difficulty in being dragged through the mud to the commandant's. The next morning the streets were dry, the double windows had been removed from the houses, the casements thrown open, all the carriages were upon wheels, and the balconies filled with spectators. Another day brought with it twenty-three degrees of heat of Celsius, when the thermometer was placed in the shade at noon.

We arrived at the season of the year when this city is most interesting to strangers. Moscow is in every thing extraordinary; as well in disappointing expectation, as in surpassing it; in causing wonder and derision, pleasure and regret. Let me conduct the reader back with me again to the gate by which we entered, and thence through the streets. Numerous spires, glittering with gold, amidst burnished domes and painted palaces, appear in the midst of an open plain, for several versts before you reach this gate.

Having passed, you look about, and wonder what is become of the city, or where you are; and are ready to ask once more, How far is it to Moscow? They will tell you 'This is Moscow!' and you behold nothing but a wide and scattered suburb, huts, gardens, pig-sties, brick walls, churches, palaces, timber-yards, ware-houses, and a refuse, as it were, of materials sufficient to stock an empire with miserable towns and miserable villages.

One might imagine all the states of Europe and Asia had sent a building, by way of representative, to Moscow; and under this impression the eye is presented with deputies from all countries, holding congress: timber huts from regions beyond the Arctic; plastered palaces from Sweden and Denmark, not whitewashed since their arrival; painted walls from the Tyrol; mosques from Constantinople; Tartar temples from Bucharía; pagodas, pavilions, and virandas, from China; cabarets from Spain; dungeons, prisons, and public offices, from France; architectural ruins from Rome; terraces and trellises from Naples; and ware-houses from Wapping.

Having heard accounts of its immense population, you wander through deserted streets. Passing suddenly towards the quarter where the shops are situated, you might walk upon the heads of thousands. The daily throng is there so immense, that, unable to force a passage through it, or assign any motive that might convene such a multitude, you ask the cause; and are told that it is always the same.

Nor is the costume less various than the aspect of the buildings: Greeks, Turks, Tartars, Cossacks, Chinese, Muscovites, English, French, Italians, Poles, Germans, all parade in the habits of their respective countries.

LESSON LV.

The Lost Ship.—MISS LONDON.

DEEP in the silent waters,
A thousand fathoms low,
A gallant ship lies perishing—
She foundered long ago.

There are pale sea-flowers wreathing
Around her port-holes now,
And spars and shining coral
Encrust her gallant prow.

Upon the old deck bleaching,
White bones unburied shine,
While in the deep hold hidden
Are casks of ruby wine.

There are pistol, sword, and carbine,
Hung on the cabin-wall,
And many a curious dagger;
But rust has spoiled them all.

And can this be the vessel
That went so boldly forth,
With the red flag of Old England,
To brave the stormy North?

There were blessings poured upon her
When from her port sailed she,
And prayers and anxious weeping
Went with her o'er the sea.

And once she sent home letters,
And joyous ones were they,
Dashed but with fond remembrance
Of friend so far away.

Ah! many a heart was happy
That evening when they came,
And many a lip pressed kisses
On a beloved name!

How little those who read them
Deemed far below the wave,
That child, and sire, and lover,
Had found a seaman's grave!

But how that brave ship perished
None knew, save Him on high;
No island heard her cannon,
No other bark was nigh.

We only know from England
She sailed far o'er the main—
We only know to England
She never came again.

And eyes grew dim with watching,
That yet refused to weep;
And years were spent in hoping
For tidings from the deep.

It grew an old man's story
Upon their native shore,—
God rest those souls in Heaven
Who met on earth no more!



LESSON LVI.

Sonnet to his Mother.—WHITE.

AND canst thou, Mother, for a moment think
That we, thy children, when old age shall shed
Its blanching honors on thy weary head,
Could from our best of duties ever shrink?
Sooner the sun from his high sphere should sink,
Than we, ungrateful, leave thee in that day,
To pine in solitude thy life away,
Or shun thee, tottering on the grave's cold brink.
Banish the thought!—where'er our steps may roam,
O'er smiling plains, or wastes without a tree,
Still will fond memory point our hearts to thee,
And paint the pleasures of thy peaceful home;
While duty bids us all thy griefs assuage,
And smooth the pillow of thy sinking age

LESSON LVII.

Questions and Answers.—J. MONTGOMERY.

- Q. FLOWERS, wherefore do you bloom?
A. We strew thy pathway to the tomb.
Q. Stars, wherefore do ye rise?
A. To light thy spirit to the skies.
Q. Fair moon, why dost thou wane?
A. That I may wax again.
Q. O sun, what makes thy beams so bright?
A. The Word that said—'Let there be light.'
Q. Time, whither dost thou flee?
A. I travel to eternity.
Q. Eternity, what art thou, say?
A. I was, am, will be evermore, to-day.
Q. Nature, whence sprang thy glorious frame?
A. My Maker called me, and I came.
Q. Winds, whence and whither do ye blow?
A. Thou must be 'born again' to know.
Q. Ocean, what rules thy swell and fall?
A. The might of Him who ruleth all.
Q. Planets, what guides you in your course?
A. Unseen, unfelt, unfailing force.
Q. O life, what is thy breath?
A. A vapor, vanishing in death.
Q. O death, where ends thy strife?
A. In everlasting life.
Q. O grave, where is thy victory?
A. Ask him who rose again for me
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LESSON LVIII

Interesting Facts relating to the Ant.—SHAW.

A GENTLEMAN of Cambridge, says Mr. Bingley, one day remarked an ant dragging along what, with respect to its strength, might have been denominated a piece of

timber Others were severally employed, each in its own way.

Presently, this little creature came to an ascent, where the weight of the wood seemed for awhile to overpower him. He did not remain long perplexed with it; for, three or four others, observing his dilemma, came behind and pushed it up. As soon, however, as he had got it on level ground, they left it to his care, and went to their own work.

The piece he was drawing happened to be considerably thicker at one end than the other. This soon threw the poor fellow into a fresh difficulty; he unluckily dragged it between two bits of wood. After several fruitless efforts, finding it would not go through, he adopted the only mode that a reasoning being, in similar circumstances, could have taken; he came behind it, pulled it back again, and turned it on its edge, when, running again to the other end, it passed through without difficulty.

The same gentleman, sitting one day in the garden of his college, he was surprised by remarking a single ant, busily employed in some work that caused him to make many journeys, to and from the same place. This gentleman traced him to the entrance of the habitation of a community, whence he observed him to take the dead body of an ant in his fangs, and run away with it. He carried it to a certain distance, dropped it, and returned for another, which, by the time of his arrival, was brought to the same hole.

Dr. Franklin, believing that these little creatures had some means of communicating their thoughts or desires to one another, tried several experiments with them, all of which tended to confirm his opinion, especially the following. He put a little earthen pot, containing some treacle, into a closet, where a number of ants collected, and devoured the treacle very quickly. But, on observing this, he shook them out, and tied the pot with a string to a nail, which he had fastened into the ceiling; so that it hung down by the string.

A single ant, by chance, remained in the pot. This ant ate till it was satisfied; but, when it wanted to get off, it could not for some time find a way out. It ran about the bottom of the pot, but in vain; at last, after many attempts, it found the way to the ceiling, by going along the string. After it was come there, it ran to the wall, and thence to the ground.

It had scarcely been away half an hour, when a great swarm of ants came out, got up to the ceiling, and crept along the string into the pot, and began to eat again. This they continued to do until the treacle was devoured; in the meantime, one swarm running down the string, and the other up.

Swammadam informs us, that, notwithstanding the smallness of ants, nothing hinders our preferring them to the largest animals, if we consider either their unwearied diligence, wonderful powers, or inimitable propensity to labor. Their amazing love to their young is even more unparalleled among the larger classes. They not only daily carry them to such places as may afford them food; but if, by accident, they are killed, or even cut into pieces, they will, with the utmost tenderness, carry them away piecemeal in their arms.

LESSON LIX.

The Ant-Lion.—BUFFON.

THE Ant-Lion, in its reptile state, is of the size of a common wood-louse, but somewhat broader. It has a pretty long head, and roundish body, which becomes a little narrower towards the tail. The color is a dirty gray, speckled with black, and the body is composed of several flat rings, which slip one upon another.

It has six feet, four of which are fixed to the breast, and two to the neck. The head is small and flat; and before there are two little smooth horns and feelers, which are hard, about a quarter of an inch long, and crooked at the ends. At the basis of the feelers there are two small black lively eyes, by which it can see the smallest object, as is easily discovered by its starting from every thing that approaches.

To a form so unpromising, and so ill provided for the purposes of rapacity, this animal unites the most ravenous appetites in nature; but to mark its imbecility still stronger, as other animals have wings or feet to enable them to advance towards their prey, the Ant-Lion is unprovided with such assistance from either. It has legs indeed, but these only enable it to run backward, so that it could as soon die

as make the smallest progressive motion. Thus, famished and rapacious as it ever seems, its prey must come to it, or rather into the snare provided for it, or the insidious assassin must starve.

But Nature, that has denied it strength or swiftness, has given it an equivalent in cunning; so that no animal fares more sumptuously, without ever stirring from its retreat. For this purpose, it chooses a dry sandy place, at the foot of a wall, or under some shelter, in order to preserve its machinations from the rain. The driest and most sandy spot is the most proper for it; because a heavy clogged earth would defeat its labor.

When it goes about to dig the hole where it takes its prey, it begins to bend the hinder part of its body, which is pointed, and thus works backward making, after several attempts, a circular furrow, which serves to mark out the size of the hole it intends making, as the ancients marked out the limits of a city with a plough. Within this first furrow it digs a second, then a third, and afterwards others, which are always less than the preceding. Then it begins to deepen its hole, sinking lower and lower into the sand, which it throws with its horns, or feelers, towards the edges, as we see men throw up sand in a gravel pit.

Thus, by repeating its labors all around, the sand is thrown up in a circle about the edge of the pit, until the hole is quite completed. This hole is always formed in a perfect circle; and the pit itself resembles the inside of an inverted funnel. If, in the course of its work, it is impeded by any small stones, it places them, one by one, on its head, and jerks them out beyond the excavation.

The work being thus with great labor finished, the insidious insect places itself in ambush, hiding itself in the bottom under the sand, in such a manner that its two horns encircle the bottom of the pit. All the sides of this pitfall are made of the most loose and crumbling materials; so that scarcely any insect can climb up that has once got down to the bottom.

Conscious of this, the Ant-Lion remains in patient expectation, ready to profit by that accident which throws some heedless little animal into his den. If then, by misfortune, an ant, a wood-louse, or a small caterpillar, walks too near the edge of the precipice, the sand gives way beneath them, and they fall to the bottom of the pit, where they meet inevitable destruction. The fall of a single

grain of sand gives the creature notice at the bottom of its cave; and it never fails to sally forth to seize upon its prey.

It happens sometimes, however, that the ant or the woodlouse is too nimble, and runs up the side of the pitfall before the other can make ready to seize it. The Ant-Lion has then another contrivance, still more wonderful than the former; for, by means of its broad head and feelers, it has a method of throwing up a shower of sand which falls upon the struggling captive with tremendous weight, and once more crushes it down to the bottom.

When the prey is reduced to a husk, and nothing but the external form remains, the next care of the Ant-Lion is to remove the body from its cell; therefore, taking up the wasted trunk with its feelers, it throws it, with wonderful strength, at least six inches from the edge of its hole; and then patiently sets about mending the breaches which its fortifications had received in the last engagement.

When the Ant-Lion attains a certain age, in which it is to change into another form, it then leaves off its usual rapacious habits. These animals are produced in autumn, and generally live a year, and perhaps two, before they assume a winged form.



LESSON LX.

The Mines of Potosi.—SMITH.

THE most celebrated mines of Peru are those of Potosi, which have now been opened nearly 260 years, and yet continue to be wrought with equal advantage as when first discovered; only with this difference, that the veins, which were then almost on the surface of the mountain, are now sunk to prodigious depths, some of the pits or wells being 200 fathoms deep, and yet not incommoded with water. What renders the working of mines exceedingly dangerous is, the variety of exhalations arising from them, which are even felt on the outside, and affect animals that graze in the neighborhood; but within they stupify the miners, none of whom can bear so noxious an air above a day together.

Sometimes it is so fatal as to kill on the spot, and oblige them to stop up the veins from whence it exhales. The mines of Potosi are the least subject to these vapors, and yet

without the herb paraguay, the infusion whereof is drunk by the miners as we do tea, these mines must soon be abandoned. Some millions of Indians have perished in them, and prodigious numbers continue to be destroyed every year.

The mountain of Potosi, which is famous for the immense quantity of silver it has produced, was first discovered to contain that metal, by a mere accident. An Indian, named Gualca, pursuing some wild goats up this mountain, and coming to a very steep part, laid hold of a shrub, in order to ascend with the greater celerity; but, it being unable to support his weight, came up by the roots, and discovered a mass of fine silver, and at the same time, he found some lumps of the same metal among the clods which adhered to the roots. The Indian, who lived at Porco, hasted home, washed the silver, and made use of it, repairing, when his stock was exhausted, to his perpetual fund.

At length, an intimate friend, perceiving the happy change in his circumstances, eagerly inquired the cause; and repeated his questions with such earnestness, that Gualca, confiding in his friendship, revealed the secret. For some time they resorted to the mountain for fresh supplies, till, Gualca refusing to discover his method of purifying the metal, the other, in revenge, revealed the whole secret to his master, who went in April, 1545, to view this fortunate breach in the mountain; and the mine was instantly worked with immense advantage.

The first mine had the name of the discoverer, from its occasioning the discovery of other sources of wealth, enclosed in the bowels of the mountain: for, in a few days, another was found no less rich, and was named the Tin mine; afterwards another was found, and distinguished by the name of Rica, or Rich, as exceeding all the rest. At length another was discovered, which was called the Mendicta. These are the principal mines of this celebrated mountain; but there are several smaller, crossing it in all directions.

LESSON LXI.

The Animal Economy of Fishes.

So far as the structure and functions of fishes have been ascertained, their external and internal conformation appear admirably adapted to their element and mode of life. Their shape, it cannot escape the most careless observer, is finely fitted to cleave their native deeps with the least possible re-

stance. The use of their fins and tail too is obvious; and the belly-fins cannot appear unnecessary, when it is recollected that their centre of gravity lies near the back, and that, without some kind of feet, they would float with their backs downward.

But some of their parts display contrivance, which cannot be understood without closer examination. The *gills*, placed on each side of the neck, are the organs by which they breathe. In this operation they fill their mouth with water, which they throw backward with so much force as to lift open the great flap, and force the water out behind. And in the passage of this water, all, or at least the greatest part of the air contained in it, is left behind, and carried into the body to perform its part in the animal economy.

The *air-bladder*, which lies in the abdomen, along the course of the backbone, is an admirable contrivance for enabling them to increase or diminish their specific gravity, and thus sink or rise in the water. If they want to sink, they compress this bladder by means of their abdominal muscles, so that the bulk of their body is diminished. If they want to rise, they relax the pressure of the muscles, the air-bladder again acquires its natural size, the body is rendered more bulky, and they ascend towards the surface.

Fish, which are destitute of air-bladders, have little facility of raising themselves in the water. The greater number of them consequently remain at the bottom, unless the form of their body enables them to strike the water downward with great force. This the skate, the thornback, and other species of *rays*, do with their large pectoral fins, which act upon the water in the same manner as the wings of birds do upon air.

LESSON LXII.

Adventures of the Popkins Family in Italy, as narrated to a Traveller at the Inn in Terracina.—IRVING.

It was but a few days before, that the carriage of Alderman Popkins had driven up to the inn of Terracina. Those, who have seen an English family carriage on the continent, must have remarked the sensation it produces. It is an epitome of England; a little morsel of the old island rolling about the world.

Every thing about it compact, snug, finished, and fitting

The wheels turning on patent axles without rattling, the body, hanging so well on its springs, yielding to every motion, yet protecting from every shock; the ruddy faces gaping from the windows—sometimes of a portly old citizen, sometimes of a voluminous dowager, and sometimes of a fine fresh hoyden just from boarding-school. And then the dickeys loaded with well-dressed servants, beef-fed and bluff; looking down from their heights with contempt on all the world around; profoundly ignorant of the country and the people, and devoutly certain that every thing not English must be wrong.

Such was the carriage of Alderman Popkins as it made its appearance at Terracina. The courier who had preceded it to order horses, and who was a Neapolitan, had given a magnificent account of the riches and greatness of his master; blustering, with an Italian's splendor of imagination, about the Alderman's titles and dignities. The host had added his usual share of exaggeration; so that by the time the alderman drove up to the door, he was a Milor—Magnifico—Principe—what not?

The alderman was advised to take an escort to Fondi and Itri, but he refused. It was as much as a man's life was worth, he said, to stop him on the king's highway: he would complain of it to the ambassador at Naples; he would make a national affair of it. Mrs. Popkins, a fresh, motherly dame, seemed perfectly secure in the protection of her husband, so omnipotent a man in the city.

The Misses Popkins, two fine bouncing girls, looked to their brother Tom, who had taken lessons in boxing; and as to the dandy himself, he swore no scaramouch of an Italian would dare to meddle with an Englishman. The landlord shrugged his shoulders, and turned out the palms of his hands with a true Italian grimace, and the carriage of Milor Popkins rolled on.

They passed through several very suspicious places without any molestation. The Misses Popkins, who were very romantic, and had learned to draw in water colors, were enchanted with the savage scenery around; it was so like what they had read in Mrs. Radcliffe's romances; they should like of all things to make sketches. At length the carriage arrived at a place where the road wound up a long hill. Mrs. Popkins had sunk into a sleep; the young ladies were lost in the 'Loves of the Angels;' and the dandy was hectoring the postilions from the coach-box.

The alderman got out, as he said, to stretch his legs up the hill. It was a long, winding ascent, and obliged him, every now and then, to stop and blow and wipe his forehead, with many a pish! and phew! being rather pursy and short of wind. As the carriage, however, was far behind him, and moved slowly under the weight of so many well-stuffed trunks and well-stuffed travellers, he had plenty of time to walk at leisure.

On a jutting point of rock that overhung the road, nearly at the summit of the hill, just where the route began again to descend, he saw a solitary man seated, who appeared to be tending goats. Alderman Popkins was one of your shrewd travellers, who always like to be picking up small information along the road; so he thought he'd just scramble up to the honest man, and have a little talk with him by way of learning the news and getting a lesson in Italian.

As he drew near to the peasant, he did not half like his looks. He was partly reclining on the rocks, wrapped in the usual long mantle, which, with his slouched hat, only left part of a swarthy visage, with a keen black eye, a beetle brow, and fierce moustache to be seen. He had whistled several times to his dog, which was roving about the side of the hill. As the alderman approached, he rose and greeted him. When standing erect, he seemed almost gigantic, at least in the eyes of Alderman Popkins, who, however, being a short man, might be deceived.

The latter would gladly now have been back in the carriage, or even on 'Change in London; for he was by no means well pleased with his company. However, he determined to put the best face on matters, and was beginning a conversation about the state of the weather, the baddishness of the crops, and the price of goats in that part of the country, when he heard a violent screaming.

He ran to the edge of the rock, and looking over, beheld his carriage surrounded by robbers. One held down the fat footman, another had the dandy by his starched cravat, with a pistol to his head; one was rummaging a portmanteau, another rummaging Mrs. Popkins's pockets; while the two Misses Popkins were screaming from each window of the carriage, and their waiting maid squalling from the dickey.

Alderman Popkins felt all the ire of the parent and the magistrate, roused within him. He grasped his cane, and was on the point of scrambling down the rocks, either to assault the robbers or to read the riot act when he was sud-

denly seized by the arm. It was by his friend the goatherd, whose cloak falling open, discovered a belt stuck full of pistols and stiletos. In short, he found himself in the clutches of the captain of the band, who had stationed himself on the rock to look out for travellers and to give notice to his men.

A sad ransacking took place. Trunks were turned inside out, and all the finery and frippery of the Popkins family scattered about the road. Such a chaos of Venice beads and Roman mosaics, and Paris bonnets of the young ladies, mingled with the alderman's night-caps and lambs' wool stockings, and the dandy's hair-brushes, stays, and starched cravats.

The gentlemen were cased of their purses and their watches, the ladies of their jewels; and the whole party were on the point of being carried up into the mountain, when, fortunately, the appearance of soldiery at a distance obliged the robbers to make off with the spoils they had secured, and leave the Popkins family to gather together the remnants of their effects, and make the best of their way to Fondi.

When safe arrived, the alderman made a terrible blustering at the inn; threatened to complain to the ambassador at Naples, and was ready to shake his cane at the whole country. The dandy had many stories to tell of his scuffles with the brigands, who overpowered him merely by numbers. As to the Misses Popkins, they were quite delighted with the adventure, and were occupied the whole evening in writing it in their journals. They declared the captain of the band to be a most romantic looking man, they dared to say some unfortunate lover, or exiled nobleman; and several of the band to be very handsome young men—'quite picturesque!'

'In verity,' said mine host of Terracina, they say the captain of the band is un galant homo.

'A gallant man!' said an Englishman who had listened to the story, indignantly: 'I'd have your gallant man hanged like a dog!'

'To dare to meddle with Englishmen!' said Mr. Hobbs.

'And such a family as the Popkinses!' said Mr. Dobbs.

'They ought to come upon the county for damages!' said Mr. Hobbs.

'Our ambassador should make a complaint to the government of Naples,' said Mr. Dobbs.

'They should be obliged to drive these rascals out of the country,' said Hobbs.

‘If they did not, we should declare war against them,’ said Dobbs.

‘Pish!—humbug!’ muttered the Englishman to himself, and walked away.

LESSON LXIII.

Accomplishment. — JANE TAYLOR.

How is it that masters, and science, and art,
One spark of intelligence fail to impart,
Unless in that chymical union combined,
Of which the result, in one word, is a *mind*?

A youth may have studied, and travelled abroad,
May sing like *Apollo*, and paint like a *Claude*,
And speak all the languages under the pole,
And have every gift in the world, but a soul.

That drapery wrought by the leisurely fair,
Called *patchwork*, may well to such genius compare,
Wherein every tint of the rainbow appears,
And stars to adorn it are forced from their spheres.

There glows a bright pattern (a sprig or a spot)
’Twixt clusters of roses full-blown and red hot;
Here magnified tulips divided in three,
Alternately shaded with sections of tree.

But when all is finished, this labor of years,
A mass unharmonious, unmeaning appears;
’Tis showy, but void of intelligent grace;
It is not a landscape, it is not a face.

’Tis thus Education (so called in our schools)
With costly materials, and capital tools,
Sits down to her work, if you duly reward her
And sends it home finished according to order

See French and Italian spread out on her lap;
Then Dancing springs up, and skips into a gap,
Next Drawing and all its varieties come,
Sewed down in their place by her finger and thumb.

And then, for completing her fanciful robes,
Geography, Music, the use of the Globes,
&c. &c. which, match as they will,
Are sewed into shape, and set down in the bill.

Thus Science distorted, and torn into bits,
Are tortured, and frightened half out of her wits,
In portions and patches, some light and some shady,
Are stitched up together, and make a young lady.

LESSON LXIV.

Mountains, Lakes and Rivers.—BRITISH NATURALIST.

MOUNTAINS, lakes, and rivers, are closely connected in the purposes they serve in the economy of nature; and are each, but especially the last, of great importance to man. The mountain is the father of streams, and the lake is the regulator of their discharge. The lofty summit of the mountain attracts and breaks the clouds, which would otherwise pass over without falling to fertilize the earth.

These are collected in snow, and laid up in a store against the bleak drought of spring; and as the water, into which the melting snow is gradually converted during the thaw, penetrates deep into the fissures of the rock, or into the porous strata of loose materials, the fountains continue to pour out their cooling stores during the summer. The lake, as has been mentioned, prevents the waste of water which would otherwise take place in mountain-rivers, as well as the ravage and ruin by which that waste would be attended.

But though mountains and lakes have thus their beauty and their value, they cannot, in either respect, be compared to the river. They are fixed in their places, but the river is continually in motion—the emblem of life—the active servant of man—and one of the greatest means of intercourse, and, consequently, of civilization.

The spots where man first put forth his powers as a rational being were on the banks of rivers; and if no Euphrates had rolled its waters to the Indian Ocean, and no Nile its flood to the Mediterranean, the learning of the Chaldeans and the wisdom of the Egyptians would never have shone forth; and the

western world, which is indebted to them for the rudiments of science and the spirit which leads to the cultivation of science, might have still been in a state of ignorance and barbarity, no way superior to that of the nations of Australia, where the want of rivers separates the people into little hordes, and prevents that general intercourse, which is essential to even a very moderate degree of civilization.

Nor ought we to omit to mention, that the river is a minister of health and purity. It carries off the superabundant moisture, which, if left to stagnate on the surface of the ground, would be injurious both to plants and animals. It carries off to the sea those saline products, which result from animal and vegetable decomposition, and which soon convert into deserts those places where there are no streams.

LESSON LXV.

Difference between Man and the Inferior Animals.—MISS JANE TAYLOR.

THE chief difference between man and the other animals consists in this, that the former has reason, whereas the latter have only instinct; but in order to understand what we mean by the terms reason and instinct, it will be necessary to mention three things, in which the difference very distinctly appears.

Let us *first*, to bring the parties as nearly on a level as possible, consider man in a savage state, wholly occupied, like the beasts of the field, in providing for the wants of his animal nature; and here the first distinction that appears between him and the creatures around him is, *the use of implements*. When the savage provides himself with a hut, or a wigwam, for shelter, or that he may store up his provisions, he does no more than is done by the rabbit, the beaver, the bee, and birds of every species.

But the man cannot make any progress in this work without tools; he must provide himself with an axe even before he can lop down a tree for its timber; whereas these animals form their burrows, their cells, or their nests, with no other tools than those with which nature has provided them. In cultivating the ground, also, man can do nothing without a

spade or a plough; nor can he reap what he has sown, till he has shaped an implement with which to cut down his harvests. But the inferior animals provide for themselves and their young without any of these things.

Now for the *second* distinction. Man in all his operations *makes mistakes*; animals make none. Did you ever hear of such a thing as a bird sitting disconsolate on a twig, lamenting over her half-finished nest, and puzzling her little poll to know how to complete it? Or did you ever see the cells of a bee-hive in clumsy irregular shapes, or observe any thing like a discussion in the little community, as if there was a difference of opinion amongst the architects?

The lower animals are even better physicians than we are; for when they are ill they will, many of them seek out some particular herb which they do not use as food, and which possesses a medicinal quality exactly suited to the complaint; whereas the whole college of physicians will dispute for a century about the virtues of a single drug. Man undertakes nothing in which he is not more or less puzzled; he must try numberless experiments before he can bring his undertakings to any thing like perfection; even the simplest operations of domestic life are not well performed without some experience; and the term of man's life is half wasted before he has done with his *mistakes*, and begins to profit by his lessons.

The *third* distinction is, that animals make no *improvements*; while the knowledge, and the skill, and the success of man are perpetually on the increase. Animals, in all their operations, follow the first impulse of nature, or that instinct which God has implanted in them. In all they do undertake, therefore, their works are more perfect and regular than those of men.

But man, having been endowed with the faculty of thinking or reasoning about what he does, is enabled by patience and industry to correct the mistakes into which he at first falls, and to go on constantly improving. A bird's nest is, indeed, a perfect and beautiful structure; yet the nest of a swallow of the nineteenth century, is not at all more commodious or elegant than those that were built amid the rafters of Noah's ark. But if we compare the wigwam of the savage with the temples and palaces of ancient Greece and Rome, we then shall see to what man's mistakes, rectified and improved upon, conduct him.

LESSON LXVI.

Religion more important than Learning.—BISHOP WATSON.

THE love of learning, though truly commendable, must never be gratified beyond a certain limit. It must not be indulged in to the injury of your health, nor to the hindrance of your virtue. What will the fame derived from the most profound learning avail you, if you have not learned to be pious, and humble, and temperate, and charitable.

If the condition of your parents be such as enables them to give you a learned education, it will be a shame for you to disappoint their hopes by idleness and profligacy; but you must not suffer the praises you hear bestowed on learning, to induce you to believe that there is nothing more excellent as a qualification? for piety is more excellent; so is benevolence; so is sobriety; so is every virtue which adorns a Christian.

If there were to be an end of all when there is an end of life, you would be in some measure at liberty to make your choice between virtue and vice; and though you would make a bad choice in preferring impiety, injustice, and excess, before the fear of God, honesty, and sobriety; yet, as the effects of your bad choice would terminate with your life, your folly might admit of some excuse.

But this is not the case: the end of this mortal life is the beginning of one which will have no end; you must lead an eternal life in another world, whether you desire to do it or not. Have you ever seriously thought how long this future life will last? Yes, you will tell me, you know it will last forever. You answer rightly; but have you weighed the importance of the word—EVER? It is a little word, and soon passes the lips; but the largest capacity cannot fully comprehend its meaning.

Compare it with a thousand, or with ten thousand, or with ten times ten hundred thousand years, and you will find the longest period you can imagine to be so greatly exceeded by it, as to be absolutely no part of it at all. A grain of sand is a part of the earth, a drop of water is a part of the ocean, but the greatest number of years is no part of eternity. This consideration is wonderful in itself: but it becomes inexpressibly interesting, when you know that nothing less than this

eternity will be the measure of the length of your future life!

How would you wish to spend this endless life? There is no doubt you will say—happily. God is very good to you; he has provided for you means of happiness in the other world far exceeding any thought you can form of them in this: but this happiness will not become yours till you have stood your trial; and the issue of that trial may be, not happiness, but misery; misery unspeakable both in degree and in duration!

LESSON LXVII.

Prayer.—ED. LIT. JOURNAL.

Go, when the morning shineth,
Go, when the moon is bright,
Go, when the eve declineth,
Go, in the hush of night;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thoughts away,
And in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
Pray for those who hate thee,
If any such there be;
Then for thyself in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

Or if 't is e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
When friends are round thy way,
E'en then the silent breathing
Of thy spirit raised above,
Will reach his throne of glory,
Who is Mercy, Truth, and Love.

Oh! not a joy or blessing,
With this can we compare,
The power that he hath given us
To pour our souls in prayer.
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before his footstool fall,
And remember in thy gladness,
His grace who gave thee all.

LESSON LXVIII.

Heavenly Rest.—ANONYMOUS.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a tear for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast—
'T is found above—in heaven!

There is a soft, a downy bed,
Fair as the breath of even;
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the aching head,
And find repose in heaven!

There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven!

There faith lifts up the tearful eye,
The heart with anguish riven;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven!

There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given:
There rays divine disperse the gloom:
Beyond the confines of the tomb,
Appears the dawn of heaven!



LESSON LXIX.

The Widow.—MONTGOMERY.

AH ! who is she that sits and weeps,
And gazes on the narrow mound?—
In that fresh grave her true love sleeps,
Her heart lies with him in the ground;
She heeds not, while her babe, at play,
Plucks the frail flowers that gaily bloom,
And casts them, as they fade away,
In garlands on its father's tomb:
—Unconscious where its father lies,
'Sweets to the sweet!' the prattler cries:
Ah! then she starts, looks up, her eyes o'erflow
With all a mother's love, and all a widow's wo.

Again she turns away her head,
Nor marks her infant's sportive air,
Its cherub cheeks all rosy red,
Its sweet blue eyes and yellow hair:
Silent she turns away her head,
Nor dare behold that happy face,
Where smile the features of the dead
In lineaments of fairy grace:
In which at once, with transport wild,
She sees her husband and her child;

Ah! then her bosom burns, her eyes o'erflow
With all a mother's love, and all a widow's wo.

And still I find her sitting here,
Though dark October frowns on all;
And from the lime trees, rustling near,
The scattered leaves around her fall:
O then it charms her inmost soul,
It suits the sadness of her mind
To watch the clouds of autumn roll,
And listen to the evening wind;
In every shadow, every blast,
The spirits of enjoyments passed
She sees, she hears;—ah! then her eyes o'erflow
Not with a mother's love, but with a widow's wo.

The peasant dreads the driving storm,
Yet pauses as he hastens by,
Views the pale ruin of her form,
The desolation of her eye,
Beholds her babe for shelter creep
Behind the gravestone's dreary shade,
Where all its father's wishes sleep,
And all its mother's hopes are laid;
Remembering then his own heart's joy,
A rosy wife, a blooming boy,
'O God!' he sighs, 'when I am thus laid low,
Must my poor partner feel a widowed mother's wo!

He gently stretches out his arm,
And calls the babe in accents mild;
The mother shrieks with strange alarm,
And snatches up her weeping child:
She thought that voice of tender tone,
Those accents soft, endearing, kind,
Came from beneath the hollow stone!
He marks the wandering of her mind,
And musing on his happier lot
Seeks the warm comforts of his cot.
He meets his wife;—ah! then his eyes o'erflow;
She feels a mother's love, nor dreads a widow's wo!

The storm retires;—and hark! the bird,
The lonely bird of autumn's reign,

From yonder waving elm is heard;—
O what a wild and simple strain!
See the delighted mourner start,
While robin redbreast's evening song
Pours all its sweetness through her heart,
And soothes her as it trills along:
Then gleams her eye; her fancy hears
The warbled music of the spheres;
She clasps her babe; she feels her bosom glow,
And in the mother's love forgets the widow's wo.

Go to thine home, forsaken fair!
Go to thy solitary home:
Thou lovely pilgrim! in despair
To thy saint's shrine no longer roam;
He rests not here;—thy soul's delight
Attends where'er thy footsteps tread;
He watches in the depths of night,
A guardian angel round thy bed,
And still a father, fondly kind,
Loves the dear pledge he left behind;
Behold that pledge!—then cease thy tears to flow,
And in the mother's love forget the widow's wo.

LESSON LXX.

The Death of the Flowers.—MISS BOWLES.

How happily, how happily the flowers die away!
Oh, could we but return to earth as easily as they!
Just live a life of sunshine, of innocence and bloom,
'Then drop, without decrepitude or pain, into the tomb!

The gay and glorious creatures! they neither 'toil nor spin;
Yet, lo! what goodly raiment they're all appareled in;
No tears are on their beauty, but dewy gems more bright
Than ever brow of eastern queen endiademed with light.

The young rejoicing creatures! their pleasures never pall;
Nor lose in sweet contentment, because so free to all!—
The dew, the showers, the sunshine, the balmy, blessed air,
Spend nothing of their freshness, though all may freely share.

The happy careless creatures! of time they take no heed;
Nor weary of his creeping, nor tremble at his speed;
Nor sigh with sick impatience, and wish the light away;
Nor when 't is gone, cry dolefully, 'would God that it were
day!'

And when their lives are over, they drop away to rest,
Unconscious of the penal doom, on holy Nature's breast;
No pain have they in dying—no shrinking from decay—
Oh! could we but return to earth as easily as they!



LESSON LXXI.

Beautiful Indian Apologue.

A MAN from the North, gray haired and leaning on his staff, went roving over all countries and climes. Looking round him one day, after having travelled without any intermission for four moons, he sought a spot on which to recline and rest himself. He had not been long seated, before he saw before him a young man, very beautiful in his exterior, with rosy cheeks, sparkling eyes, and his head crowned with flowers; and from between his lips he blew a breath that was sweet as the wild mountain flower.

Said the old man to him, as he leaned upon his staff, his beard reaching low down upon his breast, 'Let us repose here awhile and converse a little. But first we will build a fire, and we will bring together much wood; for it will be needed to keep us warm.' The fire was made, and each took his seat by it, and began to converse, each telling the other where he came from, and what circumstances had befallen them by the way.

Presently the young man felt cold. He looked round him to see what had produced the change, and pressed his hands against his cheeks to keep them warm. At this moment the old man spoke, and said—'When I wish to cross a river, I blow upon it and make it hard, and walk over upon its surface. I have only to speak and bid the waters be still, and touch them with my finger, and they become hard as stone. The tread of my foot makes soft things hard; and my power is boundless!'

The young man, feeling still colder, and growing tired

of the old man's boasting, and morning being nigh, as seen by the rosy tints in the east, said—'Now, my friend, I wish to speak.' 'Speak,' said the old man, 'my ear, though it be old, is open, it can hear.'

'I go,' said the young man, 'over all the earth too. I have seen it covered with snow; and the waters I have seen hard; but I have only passed over them, and the snow has melted; the mountain rivulets have begun to run, the rivers to move, and the ice to melt; the earth has become green under my tread, the flowers blossomed, the birds were joyful, and all that you have referred to, as being produced by your power, has vanished!'

The old man fetched a deep sigh, and shaking his head, said—'I know thee—thou art Spring!' 'True,' said the young man, 'and here, behold my head; see it crowned with flowers; and my cheeks, how they bloom—come near and touch me.' 'Thou,' exclaimed the young man, 'art Winter! I know thy power is great; but thou dardest not come to my country. Thy beard would fall off, and all thy strength would fail, and thou wouldst die.' The old man felt the truth of the remark, and before the morning was fully come he was seen vanishing away! But each, before they parted, expressed his hope that they might meet again.



LESSON LXXII.

The Importance of a Good Character.—WALKER.

To those who are to make their own way either to wealth or honors, a good character is usually no less necessary than address and abilities. Though human nature is degenerate, yet it usually retains to the last an esteem for excellence. For even if we be arrived at such an extreme degree of depravity, as to have lost our native reverence for virtue, yet a regard to our own interest and safety, which we seldom lose, will lead us to apply for aid, in all important transactions, to men whose integrity is unimpeached.

When we have occasion for a physician or an apothecary, an attorney or a counsellor, whatever we may be ourselves, we always choose to trust our health and property to men of the best character. When we fix on the tradesmen who are to supply us with necessaries, we are not determined by their

names elegantly engraved on a card, nor by a shop fitted up in the newest taste, but by the fairest reputation.

Look into a daily newspaper, and you will see, from the highest to the lowest rank, how important are the characters of those who are employed, to those who employ them. After the advertisement has enumerated the qualities required of the persons wanted, there constantly follows, that 'none need apply who cannot bring an undeniable character.'

Young people, therefore, whose characters are unfixed, and who, consequently, may render them just such as they wish, ought to pay the greatest attention to the first step which they take, on entrance into life. They are usually too careless and inattentive to this object. They think they see their own interest better than others see it, and flatter themselves that their youth will be an excuse for a thousand improprieties.

By some thoughtless action or expression, they suffer a mark to be impressed upon them, which scarcely any subsequent merit can entirely erase. Every one will find some persons who, though they are not professed enemies, yet view him with an envious or a jealous eye, and will gladly revive any tale, to which truth has given the slightest foundation.

The malevolence of mankind affords but too much reason for the beautiful but melancholy observation of Dryden:

On eagles' wings immortal scandals fly,
While virtuous actions are but born and die.

LESSON LXXIII.

The Generous Russian Peasant.—KARAMSIN.

LET Virgil sing the praises of Augustus, genius celebrate merit, and flattery extol the talents of the great. The short and simple annals of the 'poor' engross my pen; and while I record the history of Flor Silin's virtues, though I speak of a poor peasant, I shall describe a noble man,—I ask no eloquence to assist me in the task—modest worth rejects the aid of ornament to set it off.

It is impossible, even at this distant period, to reflect without horror on the miseries of that year, known in Lower Wolga by the name of the '*famine year*.' I remember the

summer whose scorching heats had dried up all the fields, and the drought had no relief but from the tears of the ruined farmer; — I remember the cold, comfortless autumn, — and the despairing rustics, crowding round their empty farms, with folded arms and sorrowful countenances, pondering on their misery, instead of rejoicing, as usual, at the golden harvest; — I remember the winter which succeeded, and I reflect with agony on the miseries it brought with it, — whole families left their homes, to become beggars on the highway.

At night, the canopy of heaven served them as their only shelter from the piercing winds and bitter frost; — to describe these scenes would be to harm the feelings of my readers; therefore, to my tale. In those days, I lived on an estate not far from Simbirsk; and, though but a child, I have not forgotten the impression made on my mind by the general calamity.

In a village adjoining, lived Flor Silin, a poor laboring peasant, — a man remarkable for his assiduity, and the skill and judgment with which he cultivated his lands. He was blessed with abundant crops; and his means being larger than his wants, his granaries, even at this time, were full of corn. The dry year coming on, had beggared all the village, except himself. Here was an opportunity to grow rich! — Mark, how Flor Silin acted. Having called the poorest of his neighbors about him, he addressed them in the following manner.

‘My friends, you want corn for your subsistence; — God has blessed me with abundance — assist in thrashing out a quantity, and each of you take what he wants for his family. The peasants were amazed at this unexampled generosity, for sordid propensities exist in the village as well as in the populous city.

The fame of Flor Silin’s benevolence having reached other villages, the famished inhabitants presented themselves before him, and begged for corn. This good creature received them as brothers; and, while his store remained, afforded all relief. At length, his wife, seeing no end to the generosity of his noble spirit, reminded him how necessary it would be to think on their own wants, and hold his lavish hand, before it was too late. ‘It is written in the Scripture,’ said he, ‘Give, and it shall be given unto you.’

The following year Providence listened to the prayers of the poor, and the harvest was abundant. The peasants, who had been saved from starving by Flor Silin now gathered around him.

‘Behold,’ said they, ‘the corn you lent us. You saved our wives and children. We should have been famished but for you,—may God reward you—He only can,—all we have to give, is our corn and grateful thanks.’ ‘I want no corn, at present, my good neighbors,’ said he; ‘my harvest has exceeded all my expectations; for the rest, thank Heaven, I have been but an humble instrument.’

They urged him in vain. ‘No,’ said he, ‘I shall not accept your corn. If you have superfluities, share them among your poor neighbors, who, being unable to sow their fields last autumn, are still in want—let us assist them, my dear friends, the Almighty will bless us for it.’ ‘Yes,’ replied the grateful peasants, ‘our poor neighbors shall have this corn. They shall know that it is to you they owe this timely succor, and join to teach their children the debt of gratitude, due to your benevolent heart.’ Silin raised his tearful eye to heaven.—An angel might have envied him his feelings.

LESSON LXXIV.

Advice to Young Ladies.—MRS. EMBURY.

To you, my young friends, I would address myself, in the language of deep and earnest interest. You are now at that delightful period of life, which is like spring among the seasons, redolent of beauty and freshness, and giving fair promise of the rich fruits of maturer years.

Take heed the young blossoms be not blighted. Call to mind the countless advantages which have been bestowed on you—reflect upon the anxious solicitude of the fathers who wait to see you the object of their pride, as well as the sources of their happiness—remember the cares, the exertions, the almost heart-breaking anxiety of the mothers who have guided your infant feet to the threshold of the temple of knowledge, and then press forward ‘in the race set before you.’

You are entering upon a noble career. The pure, and elevated, and holy duties which are peculiarly a woman’s, will soon claim your undivided attention. Let me pray you, therefore, so to discipline your hearts, so to cultivate your minds, so to purify your spirits, now, during the unbroken

leisure of youth, that the hour of trial may find you 'with your lamps trimmed and burning.'

You have begun well — go on then in the same course, and remember that 'of those to whom much is given, much will be required;' and that genius and knowledge, while they lay claim to the highest honors which men can bestow, also bear with them the highest responsibilities both to God and man. Science is now opening to you her richest stores of honor, and usefulness; and the prayers of parents and friends are following you, when you are utterly unconscious of them.

Pause then — in the cool freshness of the morning of life, before you wax faint in the noonday heats — pause and form for yourselves the noble resolutions which should direct your future life. Look back through the shadowy vista of past years, and behold what are the foundations of the most lasting honors of men. Look forward, with the eye of faith, to the glories of the promised land; and while you weigh well the different results of moral conduct, take heed that you 'keep your hearts with all diligence, for out of them are the issues of life.'

Form your taste on the classics, and your principles on the book of all truth. Let the dawn of your being be hallowed by that pure devotion, which is ever an offering of a 'sweet smelling savor' to the bounteous giver of all good. Let the first fruits of your intellect be laid before the altar of *Him*, who breathed into your nostrils the breath of life, and with that breath your immortal spirit: and while your life furnishes the most striking illustration of the benefits of education, let it be your care so to persevere unto the end, that it may be said of each, in her own peculiar sphere, 'Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.'

LESSON LXXV.

A Winter Landscape in Russia.—R. K. PORTER.

NOTHING interesting presenting itself, we travelled onwards, through towns and villages, and over a dreary country, rendered ten thousand times more so by the season. All around was a vast wintry flat; and frequently not a vestige of man or of cultivation was seen, not even a solitary tree, to break the boundless expanse of snow

Indeed, no idea can be formed of the immense plains we traversed, unless you imagine yourself at sea, far, far from the sight of land. The Arabian deserts cannot be more awful to the eye than the appearance of this scene. Such is the general aspect of the country during the rigors of winter, with now and then an exception of a large forest skirting the horizon for a considerable length of way.

At intervals, as you shoot along, you see openings amongst its lofty trees, from which emerge picturesque groups of natives and their one-horse sledges, whereon are placed the different articles of commerce, going to various parts of this empire. They travel in vast numbers, and from all quarters, seldom fewer than one hundred and fifty in a string, having a driver to every seventh horse. The effect of this cavalcade at a distance is very curious; and in a morning, as they advance towards you, the scene is as beautiful as striking.

The sun, then rising, throws his rays across the snow, transforming it to the sight into a surface of diamonds. From the cold of the night, every man and horse is incrustated with these frosty particles; and, the beams falling on them too, seem to cover their rude faces and rugged habits with a tissue of the most dazzling brilliants. The manes of the horses, and the long beards of the men, from the quantity of congealed breath, have a particularly glittering effect.



LESSON LXXVI.

To a Young Lady.—BOWLES.

Now thy heart beats high,
And thy sparkling eye
Proclaims that thy bosom's a stranger to care;
But the bright sun's ray
Brings on evening gray,
And soon flies away youth and beauty so rare!

On earth there grows
No thornless rose!
And thy cheeks must lose their wonted bloom;
Thy polished brow
To age must bow,
And thy fair form lie in the dreary tomb.

Oh! ne'er from thy heart
Let virtue depart!
May the angels of innocence still hover o'er thee;
Then safe from the guile
Of the rover's smile,
The aged will bless thee, and the young will adore thee.
When o'er thy head
Old Time has shed
The snow from his mantle so silvery white;
And thy cheek, oh maid!
Shall withering fade,
And thy lack-lustre eye be fast closing in night!
Then virtue so rare,
Oh, lady fair!
Will soothe thee, and cheer thee, with solace divine;
Around thy head
Will glory shed,
And brighter and brighter, oh maiden! 't will shine.

LESSON LXXVII.

The Miracle.—KRUMMACHER.

ONE day in spring, Solomon, then a youth, sat under the palm-trees, in the garden of the king, his father, with his eyes fixed on the ground, and absorbed in thought. Nathan, his preceptor, went up to him, and said: Why sittest thou thus, musing under the palm-trees?

The youth raised his head, and answered: Nathan, I am exceedingly desirous to behold a miracle.

A wish, said the prophet, with a smile, which I entertained myself, in my juvenile years.

And was it granted? hastily asked the prince.

A man of God, answered Nathan, came to me, bringing in his hand a pomegranate seed. Observe, said he, what this seed will turn to! He thereupon made with his finger a hole in the earth, and put the seed into the hole, and covered it. Scarcely had he drawn back his hand, when the earth parted, and I saw two small leaves shoot forth; but no sooner did I perceive them than the leaves separated, and from between them arose a round stem, covered with bark, and the stem became every moment higher and thicker.

The man of God thereupon said to me: Take notice! And while I observed, seven shoots issued from the stem like the seven branches on the candlestick of the altar.

I was astonished, but the man of God motioned to me, and commanded me to be silent, and to attend. Behold said he, new creations will soon make their appearance.

He thereupon brought water in the hollow of his hand from the stream which flowed past; and lo! all the branches were covered with green leaves, so that a cooling shade was thrown around us, together with a delicious odor. Whence, exclaimed I, is this perfume amid the refreshing shade?

Seest thou not, said the man of God, the scarlet blossom, as, shooting forth from among the green leaves, it hangs down in clusters?

I was about to answer, when a gentle breeze agitated the leaves, and strewed the blossoms around us, as the autumnal blast scatters the withered foliage. No sooner had the blossoms fallen, than the red pomegranates appeared suspended among the leaves, like the almonds on the staves of Aaron. The man of God then left me in profound amazement.

Nathan ceased speaking. What is the name of the God-like man? asked Solomon hastily. Doth he yet live? Where doth he dwell?

Son of David, replied Nathan, I have related to thee a vision.

When Solomon heard these words, he was troubled in his heart, and said: How canst thou deceive me thus?

I have not deceived thee, son of Jesse, rejoined Nathan. Behold, in thy father's garden thou mayst see all that I have related to thee. Doth not the same thing take place with every pomegranate, and with the other trees?

Yes, said Solomon, but imperceptibly, and in a long time.

Then Nathan answered: Is it therefore the less a divine work, because it takes place silently and insensibly? Study Nature and her operations; then wilt thou easily believe those of a higher power, and not long for miracles wrought by a human hand

LESSON LXXVIII.

Rivers.—ANONYMOUS.

As water naturally falls to the lowest level which it can reach, all the rain which is poured down on the earth, and which the earth cannot absorb, is collected in streams which run down its surface, and, joining each other in their course, are formed into mighty rivers, which finally mingle with the ocean.

The rapidity of a river depends on the declivity of its bed. Thus, in the commencement of their course from the high grounds, rivers rush down with all the fury of torrents; and when they are swelled by the rains, or by the melting of the mountain-snows, they come down in irresistible majesty, roaring and foaming between the high and perpendicular banks within which they are contained, till they break out of their steep and rugged prison, and spread their placid waters over the plains.

The origin and progress of rivers has been fancifully compared by Pliny to the life of man: 'Its beginnings are insignificant and its infancy is frivolous; it plays among the flowers of a meadow; it waters a garden or turns a little mill. Gathering strength in its youth, it becomes wild and impetuous. Impatient of the restraints which it still meets with in the hollows among the mountains, it is restless and fretful; quick in its turning, and unsteady in its course.

Now it is a roaring cataract, tearing up and overturning whatever opposes its progress, and it shoots headlong down from a rock; then it becomes a sullen and gloomy pool, buried in the bottom of a glen. Recovering breath by repose, it again dashes along, till, tired of uproar and mischief, it quits all that it has swept along, and leaves the opening of the valley strewn with the rejected waste.

Now, quitting its retirement, it comes abroad into the world, journeying with more prudence and discretion through cultivated fields, yielding to circumstances, and winding round what would trouble it to overwhelm or remove. It passes through the populous cities, and all the busy haunts of man, tendering its services on every side, and becomes the support and ornament of the country. Increased by numerous alliances, and advanced in its course, it becomes

grave and stately in its motions, loves peace and quiet; and in majestic silence rolls on its mighty waters till it is laid to rest in the vast abyss.'

LESSON LXXIX.

The Butterfly's Ball.—ROSCOE.

COME take up your hats, and away let us haste
To the butterfly's ball and the grasshopper's feast;
The trumpeter gadfly has summoned the crew,
And the revels are now only waiting for you.

On the smooth shaven grass by the side of the wood
Beneath a broad oak that for ages has stood,
See the children of earth and the tenants of air,
For an evening's amusement together repair.

And there came the beetle so blind and so black,
Who carried the emmet his friend on his back;
And there was the gnat, and the dragonfly too,
With all their relations, green, orange, and blue.

And there came the moth in his plumage of down,
And the hornet with jacket of yellow and brown,
Who with him the wasp his companion did bring,
But they promised that evening to lay by their sting

And the sly little dormouse crept out of his hole
And led to the feast his blind brother the mole;
And the snail, with his horns peeping out from his shell
Came from a great distance,—the length of an ell.

A mushroom their table, and on it was laid
A water-dock leaf, which a table-cloth made;
The viands were various, to each of their taste,
And the bee brought his honey to crown the repast.

There close on his haunches, so solemn and wise,
The frog from a corner looked up to the skies;
And the squirrel, well pleased such diversion to see,
Sat cracking his nuts overhead in the tree.

Then out came the spider, with fingers so fine,
To show his dexterity on the tight line;
From one branch to another his cobwebs he slung,
Then as quick as an arrow he darted along.

But just in the middle, oh! shocking to tell!
From his rope in an instant poor Harlequin fell;
Yet he touched not the ground, but with talons outspread,
Hung suspended in air at the end of a thread.

Then the grasshopper came with a jerk and a spring,
Very long was his leg, though but short was his wing;
He took but three leaps, and was soon out of sight,
Then chirped his own praises the rest of the night.

With step so majestic the snail did advance,
And promised the gazers a minuet to dance;
But they all laughed so loud that he pulled in his head,
And went to his own little chamber to bed.

Then as evening gave way to the shadows of night,
Their watchman, the glow-worm, came out with his light;
Then home let us hasten while yet we can see,
For no watchman is waiting for you and for me.

LESSON LXXX.

Wild Pigeons.—AUDUBON.

It may not, perhaps, be out of place to attempt an estimate of the number of wild pigeons contained in those mighty flocks often seen in the west, and the quantity of food consumed by its members. The inquiry will show the astonishing bounty of the Creator in his works, and how universally this bounty has been granted to every living thing on the vast continent of America.

We shall take, for example, a column of one mile in breadth, which is far below the average size, and suppose it passing over us without interruption for three hours, at the rate of one mile per minute. This will give us a parallelogram of one hundred and eighty miles by one, covering one hundred and eighty square miles, and allowing two pigeons to the square yard, we have one billion one hundred and

fifteen million one hundred and thirty-six thousand pigeons in one flock; and as every pigeon consumes fully half a pint of food per day, the quantity must be eight million seven hundred and twelve thousand bushels per day, which is required to feed such a flock.

As soon as these birds discover a sufficiency of food to entice them to alight, they fly round in circles, reviewing the country below, and at this time exhibit their phalanx in all the beauties of their plumage; now displaying a large glistening sheet of bright azure, by exposing their backs to view, and suddenly veering, exhibit a mass of rich deep purple.

They then pass lower over the woods, and are lost among the foliage for a moment, but they reappear as suddenly above; after which they alight, and, as if affrighted, the whole again take to wing, with a roar equal to loud thunder, and wander swiftly through the forest to see if danger is near.

Impelling hunger, however, soon brings them all to the ground, and then they are seen industriously throwing up the fallen leaves, to seek for the last beech-nut or acorn; the rear ranks continually rising, passing over, and alighting in front in such quick succession, that the whole still bears the appearance of being on the wing.

The quantity of ground thus swept up, is astonishing, and so clean is this work, that gleaners never find it worth their while to follow where the pigeons have been. On such occasions, when the woods are thus filled with them, they are killed in immense numbers, yet without any apparent diminution.

During the middle of the day, after their repast is finished, the whole settle on the trees to enjoy rest, and digest their food; but as the sun sinks in the horizon, they depart *en masse* for the roosting place, not unfrequently hundreds of miles off, as has been ascertained by persons keeping account of their arrival, and of their departure from their curious roosting places, to which I must now conduct the reader.

To one of those general nightly rendezvous, not far from the banks of Green River, in Kentucky, I paid repeated visits. It was, as is almost always the case, pitched in a portion of the forest where the trees were of great magnitude of growth, with but little underwood.

I rode through it lengthwise upward of forty miles, and

crossed it in different parts, ascertaining its average width to be rather more than three miles.

My first view of it was about a fortnight subsequent to the period when they had chosen this spot, and I arrived there nearly two hours before the setting of the sun. Few pigeons were then to be seen, but a great number of persons with horses and wagons, guns and ammunition, had already established different camps on the borders.

Two farmers from the vicinity of Russelsville, distant more than a hundred miles, had driven upwards of three hundred hogs to be fattened on pigeon-meat, and here and there the people, employed in picking and salting what had already been procured, were seen sitting in the centre of large piles of these birds, all proving to me that the number resorting there at night must be immense, and probably consisting of all those then feeding in Indiana, some distance beyond Jeffersonville, not less than one hundred and fifty miles off.

Many trees, two feet in diameter, I observed, were broken at no great distance from the ground, and the branches of many of the largest and tallest so much so, that the desolation already exhibited equalled that performed by a furious tornado. As the time elapsed, I saw each of the anxious persons about to prepare for action; some with sulphur in iron pots, others with torches of pine-knots, many with poles, and the rest with guns double and treble charged.

The sun was lost to our view, and not a pigeon had yet arrived, — but all of a sudden I heard a general cry of '*Here they come!*' The noise which they made, though distant, reminded me of a hard gale at sea, passing through the rigging of a close reefed vessel. As the birds arrived, and passed over me, I felt a current of air that surprised me. Thousands were soon knocked down by the polemen. The current of birds, however, kept increasing. The fires were lighted, and a most magnificent as well as wonderful and terrifying sight was before me.

The pigeons, coming in by millions, alighted every where, one on the top of another, until masses of them, resembling hanging swarms of bees as large as hogsheads were formed on every tree in all directions. These heavy clusters were seen to give way, as the supporting branches, breaking down with a crash, came to the ground, killing hundreds of those which obstructed their fall, forcing down

other equally large and heavy groups, and rendering the whole a scene of uproar and of distressing confusion. I found it quite useless to speak, or even to shout to those persons nearest me. The reports even of the different guns were seldom heard, and I knew only of their going off by seeing the owners reload them.

No person dared venture within the line of devastation, and the hogs had been penned up in due time, the picking of the dead and wounded sufferers being left for the next morning's operation. Still the pigeons were constantly coming, and it was past midnight before I perceived a decrease in the number of those that arrived. The uproar continued, however, the whole night; and as I was anxious to know to what distance the sound reached, I sent off a man, who, by his habits in the woods, was able to tell me, two hours afterwards, that at three miles he heard it distinctly.

Towards the approach of day the noise rather subsided, but, long ere the objects were at all distinguishable, the pigeons began to move off in a direction quite different from that in which they had arrived the day before, and at sunrise none that were able to fly remained. The howling of the wolves now reached our ears, and the foxes, the lynxes, the cougars, bears, racoons, opossums, and polecats, were seen sneaking off the spot, whilst the eagles and hawks of different species, supported by a horde of buzzards and carrion-crows, came to supplant them, and reap the benefits of this night of destruction.

It was then that I, and all those present, began our entry amongst the dead and wounded sufferers. They were picked up in great numbers, until each had as many as could possibly be disposed of; and afterwards the hogs and dogs were let loose to feed on the remainder.

LESSON LXXXI.

Physical Geography.—MRS. PHELPS.

Physical or Natural Geography is a very comprehensive science; it includes a knowledge of the materials of which the earth is composed. This knowledge embraces the science of *Geology*, which names and arranges the rocks and other

materials which compose the earth; and of *Chymistry*, which teaches the constituent elements of these substances.

Thus you see, that sciences which may appear distinct, have an intimate connexion with each other, since geology and chymistry are necessary to a complete knowledge of geography. Physical geography also comprehends a knowledge of those substances which grow out of the earth, and this knowledge is called *Botany*.

We will suppose ourselves to be seated in a balloon, sufficiently elevated above the surface of the earth to be able to distinguish its general figure and surface. Let us look first at its figure. We behold, suspended as it would seem in empty space, though in reality surrounded by the material substance *air*, a large ball, not exactly round, but a little flattened at each end or pole.

This ball presents an uneven surface: while it is turning around from west to east, let us examine the various objects which appear. For this we must approach nearer. Here we see a long strip of land extending almost from one pole to the other; nearly in the centre it seems penetrated by an arm of the ocean: this must be the great American continent, separated by the Gulf of Mexico into a northern and southern part.

We will suppose that our balloon is somewhat lowered and directed over the northern part of this great continent; and what do we now see? On two sides are vast oceans, washing its eastern and western coasts, and on the north an ocean of ice separates it from the north pole. Do you observe that chain of lakes? These are called the Great Lakes, being the largest in the world.

Let us approach nearer. Do you hear a sound like the rush of mighty waters? It is the thundering Niagara, which had poured forth its mass of waters, long before man had heard the roar of its cataract. But what becomes of this vast collection of water? It hurries onward, forming mighty rivers and lakes, until it becomes lost in the great ocean, which you see on the east.

But we must not, in the sublimity of this scene, forget that we have other observations to make. Let us direct our course towards the middle of this country, which we call North America. There, from the north, flows a majestic river, receiving in its course many noble streams; one, rapid and turbulent, bringing along mud and roots and trunks of trees torn up in its furv, comes foaming from the west;

another, scarcely less rapid in its course, comes from the east: the parent river, embracing them both with many other tributary streams, bears them on to the southern gulf.

You see here an extensive country, through which the rivers descend from the north, from the east and west: this is called a *basin*, and many delightful valleys and plains does it contain; its sides on the west and east are the Rocky Mountains, and the Apalachian on the north, a high ridge which divides the waters that flow towards the northern ocean from those which run towards the southern gulf.

We will now go eastward, and pass that great chain of mountains, which may well be called the *back bone* of our country. We are now on its eastern side. Look, and you will see many rivers flowing towards the eastern ocean.

Do you observe the northeastern part of the section of country we are now viewing? You may there see mountains with snow-covered tops; and farther west, another chain whose summits and sides are always verdant: between these mountains, pursuing a southern course, a river is seen whose progress at first seems hurried, but by degrees its youthful impetuosity subsides, and, with calm and placid motion, it bears itself on to an arm of the ocean, running in from the east, and forming the southern boundary to a lovely country.

The valley of this river is adorned with the ornaments of art and the richest gifts of nature. This valley, and an extensive territory on the east and west of it are called New England, or the country of the pilgrims. History will tell you why these names are given.

But our aerial journey is becoming too long: we must retrace our way from the happy valley of the Connecticut. Let us go westward, and descend near to the earth—here we see our own Hudson, carrying on its bosom innumerable little objects, passing and repassing in rapid motion, as if actuated by a spirit of intelligence; but, although not gifted with intelligence themselves, they are directed in their course by intelligent minds, and filled with rational beings, intent on business or pleasure. These steam-boats exhibit one of the proudest victories which mind has ever achieved over matter; two destructive elements being made subservient to man's convenience, and obedient to his will.

We have now arrived at the place where the Hudson river ceases to be navigable; and here, in a little flourishing city on its eastern bank, we will alight from our imaginary balloon, and close our voyage of discovery.

Such are some of the observations of physical geography, in order to understand it, you must in imagination combine at one view the great features of nature—oceans, lakes and rivers, continents and islands, table-lands, basins, plains, valleys, and deserts: these are all the subjects of this science.

LESSON LXXXII.

Advantage of Studying History.—MRS. PHELPS.

WHAT, let me ask, is the advantage of studying history? Is it necessary only that your minds should be stored with a mass of facts? that you should know that in such a year the Pilgrims landed, that in such a year commenced, and in such a year ended the revolutionary war? All knowledge to be useful must have its practical application. In the character of the New-England Fathers, we see many noble examples of heroism amidst dangers and discouragements.

In American history we see many of our own sex leaving their native country, and the elegances of refined society, that they may, in a savage wilderness across the distant ocean find a 'Faith's pure shrine, and freedom to worship God.' From such examples we should derive important moral lessons;—from the conduct of those who have preceded us, we can gain that most important knowledge, the knowledge of human nature, of ourselves.

From whence come wars and fightings? Come they not from the evil passions of men? But none of you are heroes or conquerors, who would wade through blood to reach a throne, or post of honor! True, but have none of you, some darling object in the attainment of which, you would trample on the feelings, or wound the hearts of your companions? Do you never wage the war of tongues, which often sting like adders, and poison the peace of a fellow being? When you read in history the fate of the ambitious and contentious, you should learn from this, that they who sow the seeds of strife reap the fruit of bitterness.

The chain of historical knowledge is by no means an unbroken one. There have always been many nations, ignorant of written language; and the historical records of antiquity are far from being all known to us. The histories

of the eastern or oriental nations, Egyptians, Syrians, Cnædeans and Persians have mostly perished.

The Greek and Roman histories, and the holy scriptures, contain all the authentic accounts, of a period anterior to the foundation of Rome. The Roman history is the only one which throws light upon a period of nearly five hundred years after Christ. After the fall of the empire of the west, the kingdoms of Spain, France, Italy and England, have each its particular history; and about this time commence the histories of Germany, Hungary, Sweden and Denmark.

Respecting the countries now Mohammedan, Egypt, Syria, Persia, and the northern part of Africa, we know little of their history for the last thousand years. The Chinese history is chiefly a collection of fables and absurd traditions. Of the American Indians we have no authentic history beyond the time of the discovery of the western continent.

We see how little then is known of the whole actual extent of the globe, during the course of ages which have passed since the creation. Yet there are histories without number, but it is only by a careful selection and perusal of the best authors, that much advantage can be derived from them. In early youth, history interests the mind chiefly on account of the pleasure derived from narrative. As the pupil advances in life, history ought to be regarded under a new aspect, and studied both for the sake of gaining information, and forming the mind to habits of discrimination and reflection.

One who reads history merely for amusement, or who loads the memory with facts, without regard to their importance, or examination of their causes, may read much, and yet neither know men, manners, laws, arts and sciences, neither the past or the present world, nor the relations which they bear to each other.

A modern French writer * on education advises the student in history to make use of books of extracts, in which facts and principles may be noted in a definite and systematic order. By this means, the student will, in process of time, possess a collection of practical truths, and of illustrations of principle, arranged in order, and furnishing instruction at once solid, diversified and complete.

* M. Julien, now Editor of the '*Revue Encyclopedique*,' one of the first literary journals in France.



LESSON LXXXIII.

The Old Man's Comforts.—SOUTHEY.

You are old, Father William, the young man cried,
The few locks which are left you are gray;
You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man;
Now tell me the reason, I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father William replied,
I remembered that youth would fly fast,
And abused not my health and my vigor at first,
That I never might need them at last.

You are old, Father William, the young man cried,
And pleasures with youth pass away,
And yet you lament not the days that are gone;
Now tell me the reason, I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father William replied,
I remembered that youth could not last;
I thought of the future, whatever I did,
That I never might grieve for the past.

You are old, Father William, the young man cried,
And life must be hastening away;
You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death!
Now tell me the reason, I pray.

I am cheerful, young man, Father William replied;
Let the cause thy attention engage;
In the days of my youth I remembered my God!
And He hath not forgotten my age.

LESSON LXXXIV.

Uses of Water.—ANONYMOUS.

How common, and yet how beautiful and how pure, is a drop of water! See it, as it issues from the rock to supply the spring and the stream below. See how its meanderings through the plains, and its torrents over the cliffs, add to the richness and the beauty of the landscape. Look into a factory standing by a waterfall, in which every drop is faithful to perform its part, and hear the groaning and rustling of the wheels, the clattering of shuttles, and the buzz of spindles, which, under the direction of their *fair* attendants, are supplying myriads of fair purchasers with fabrics from the cotton-plant, the sheep, and the silk-worm.

Is any one so stupid as not to admire the splendor of the rainbow, or so ignorant as not to know that it is produced by drops of water, as they break away from the clouds which had confined them, and are making a quick visit to our earth to renew its verdure and increase its animation? How useful is the gentle dew, in its nightly visits, to allay the scorching heat of a summer's sun!

And the autumn's frost, how beautifully it bedecks the trees, the shrubs and the grass: though it strips them of their summer's verdure, and warns them that they must soon receive the buffetings of the winter's tempest! This is but water, which has given up its transparency for its beautiful whiteness and its elegant crystals. The snow, too—what is that but these same pure drops, thrown into crystals by winter's icy hand? and does not the first summer's sun return them to the same limpid drops?

The majestic river, and the boundless ocean, what are they? Are they not made of drops of water? How the river steadily pursues its course from the mountain's top, down the declivity, over the cliff, and through the plain, taking with it every thing in its course! How many mighty ships does the ocean float upon its bosom! How many fish-

es sport in its waters! How does it form a lodging-place for the Amazon, the Mississippi, the Danube, the Rhine, the Ganges, the Lena, and the Hoang Ho!

How piercing are these pure limpid drops! How do they find their way into the depths of the earth, and even the solid rock? How many thousand streams, hidden from our view by mountain masses, are steadily pursuing their courses, deep from the surface which forms our standing-place for a few short days! In the air, too, how it diffuses itself! Where can a particle of air be found, which does not contain an atom of water?

How much would a famishing man give for a few of these pure, limpid drops of water! And where do we use it in our daily sustenance? or rather, where do we not use it? Which portion of the food that we have taken during our lives, did not contain it? What part of our body, which limb, which organ, is not moistened with this same faithful servant? How is our blood, that free liquid, to circulate through our veins without it?

How gladly does the faithful horse, or the patient ox, in his toilsome journey, arrive at the water's brink! And the faithful dog, patiently following his master's track—how eagerly does he lap the water from the clear fountain he meets in his way!

Whose heart ought not to overflow with gratitude to the abundant Giver of this pure liquid, which his own hand has deposited in the deep, and diffused through the floating air and the solid earth? Is it the farmer, whose fields, by the gentle dew and the abundant rain, bring forth fatness? Is it the mechanic, whose saw, lathe, spindle and shuttle are moved by this faithful servant? Is it the merchant, on his return from the noise and the perplexities of business, to the table of his family, richly supplied with the varieties and the luxuries of the four quarters of the globe, produced by the abundant rain, and transported across the mighty but yielding ocean? Is it the physician, on his administering to his patient some gentle beverage, or a more active healer of the disease which threatens? Is it the clergyman, whose profession it is to make others feel—and that by feeling himself, that the slightest favor and the richest blessing are from the same source, and from the same abundant and constant Giver? Who, that still has a glass of water and a crumb of bread, is not ungrateful to complain?

LESSON LXXXV.

A Visit to the Farm Yard.—MRS. TRIMMER.

MRS. BENSON with her son and daughter paid a visit to Mr. Wilson, a farmer in the neighborhood. Mrs. Wilson, the farmer's wife, showed them the garden, the bees, and the poultry, and the whole party then entered the farmyard, where they saw eight fine cows, fat, sleek, and beautifully clean, that yielded several pails of rich milk; the steam of which, added to the breath of the cows, cast a delightful fragrance around. Mrs. Wilson then entreated her company to return to the house, where tea was provided.

The farmer now came in and refreshed himself with a cup of ale, which was very comfortable after the fatigues of the day.

I have had, said Mrs. Benson, great pleasure in viewing your farm, Mr. Wilson, which appears to me to afford all the desirable comforts and conveniences of life, and I most sincerely wish a continuance of your prosperity. If it is not an impertinent question, pray tell me, did you inherit it from your father, or was it purchased with the fruits of your own industry?

Neither my wife nor I have led an idle life, I assure you, madam, replied the farmer; but, next to the blessing of Heaven, I think myself in a great degree indebted to my cattle for my good success. My father left me master of a little farm, with a few acres of land well cropped, three horses, two cows, ten sheep, a sow and pigs, a jackass, and a few poultry; these have gradually multiplied to what you now see me possess, besides numbers that I have sold; and I have had fine crops of hay and corn; so that every year I laid by a little money, till I was able to purchase this farm, which has proved a very good one.

There is something so uncommon, in hearing a farmer attribute a part of his success in life to his cattle, that I should be obliged to you, Mr. Wilson, said the lady, if you would account to me for this circumstance.—Most readily, madam, said he.

When I was a very young man, I heard a fine sermon from the pulpit, preached by my dear wife's father, on the

subject of showing mercy to brutes, which made a great impression on my mind; and I have ever since acted towards all dumb creatures as I would to mankind, upon the principle of doing as I would be done by.

I always consider every beast that works for me as my servant, and entitled to wages; but as they cannot use money I pay them in things of more value to them; and make it a rule, unless in case of great necessity, to let them enjoy rest on the Sabbath-day.

I am very cautious of not letting any beast work beyond its strength, and always give them their food in due season; nor do I ever suffer them to be beat or cruelly used. Besides giving them what I call their daily wages, I indulge them with all the comforts I can afford them.

In summer, when the business of the day is over, my horses enjoy themselves in a good pasture; and in winter they are sheltered from the inclemencies of the weather in a warm stable. If they get old I contrive some easy task for them; and when they can work no longer, let them live on the common without it, till age and infirmities make their lives burdensome to themselves, when I have them put to as easy a death as possible.

Though my cows and sheep do not work for me, I think them entitled to a recompense for the profit I receive from their milk and wool, and endeavor to repay them with the kindest usage: and even my jackass finds mercy from me, for I could not bear to see so useful a creature ill-treated; and as for my dogs, I set great store by them, on account of their fidelity.

These are very excellent rules indeed, Mr. Wilson, and I wish they were generally followed, said Mrs. Benson; for I believe many poor beasts suffer a great deal from ill-treatment, inflicted on them. Yes, madam, said the farmer, I have heard so, and could tell you such stories of cruelties exercised on brutes in the country, as would quite shock you; and have seen, in my own family, such an instance of the ill effects of neglecting them, as has confirmed me in the notions I learnt from the good sermon I told you of. I have a brother, whom I at present maintain; my father gave him an equal portion with myself, but neither he nor his wife were industrious, nor had they any feeling for dumb creatures. He trusted his horses to careless carters, who used to let them go without water, and frequently neglected both to feed and clean them; and indeed he himself grudged them

victuals; so they grew leaner and leaner, and at last they were really killed with hard work and hard living.

His cows were kept so badly in the winter, that they soon lost their milk; and the calves they had, for want of proper management, died; as did the cows themselves in a short time afterwards. The sheep got a distemper which soon put an end to them.

His pigs being kept in the most dirty way in the world, and sometimes left without food for two days together, got hide-bound and full of vermin; and his poultry dropped off, with the roup and other disorders, till he had none left.

The jackass used to be put to hard drudgery in his own service, or let out to draw a sand-cart: this excessive labor, with scarcely time allowed him to seek a scanty living among the thistles and hedges, soon put an end to him. These losses my brother had no means to repair; for without cattle he could not cultivate his farm, so he was soon reduced to poverty, and were I not to maintain him, he must be a beggar; for through want of air and exercise, he lost his health, and is now incapable of working. His wife died some years before of an illness, which was the consequence of indolence and inactivity.

I am much obliged to you for your story, Mr. Wilson, said Mrs. Benson, and hope my children will never forget it; for it certainly is a duty to extend our clemency to beasts and other animals. Nay, we are strictly commanded in the scriptures, to show compassion to the beasts of others, even to those of our enemies; surely then, those which are our own property, and work for us, have a peculiar claim to it.

LESSON LXXXVI.

The Western Emigrant.—MRS. SIGOURNEY.

AMID those forest shades that proudly reared
Their unshorn beauty towards the favoring skies,
An axe rang sharply. There, with vigorous arm,
Wrought a bold emigrant, while by his side,
His little son with question and response
Beguiled the toil.

‘ Boy, thou hast never seen
Such glorious trees, and when their giant trunks
Fall, how the firm earth groans. Rememberest thou
The mighty river on whose breast we sailed
So many days on toward the setting sun?
Compared to that, our own Connecticut
Is but a creeping stream.’

‘ Father, the brook,
That by our door went singing, when I launched
My tiny boat with all the sportive boys,
When school was o’er, is dearer far to me
Than all these deep broad waters. To my eye
They are as strangers. And those little trees,
My mother planted in the garden bound
Of our *first home*, from whence the fragrant peach
Fell in its ripening gold, were fairer sure,
Than this dark forest shutting out the day.’

‘ What, ho! my little girl ’—and with light step
A fairy creature hasted towards her sire,
And setting down the basket that contained
The noon’s repast, looked upward to his face
With sweet, confiding smile.

‘ See, dearest, see
Yon bright winged paroquet, and hear the song
Of the gay red-bird echoing through the trees,
Making rich music. Didst thou ever hear
In fair New England such a mellow tone?’

‘ I had a robin that did take the crumbs
Each night and morning, and his chirping voice
Did make me joyful, as I went to tend
My snow-drops. I was laughing there,
In that *first home*. I should be happier now,
Methinks, if I could find among these dells
The same fresh violets.’

Slow night drew on,
And round the rude hut of the emigrant
The wrathful spirit of the autumn storm
Spake bitter things. His wearied children slept,
And he with head declined, sat listening long

To the swoln waters of the Illinois,
Dashing against their shores. Starting he speaks:

‘ Wife! did I see thee brush away a tear?
Say, was it so? Thy heart was with the halls
Of thy nativity. Their sparkling lights,
Carpets and sofas, and admiring guests,
Befit thee better than these rugged walls
Of shapeless logs, and this lone hermit-home.’

‘ No — no! All was so still around, methought,
Upon my ear that echoed hymn did steal,
Which ’mid the church where erst we paid our vows
So tuneful pealed. But tenderly thy voice
Dissolved the illusion:’—and the gentle smile
Lighting her brow, the fond cares that soothed
Her waking infant, reassured his soul,
That wheresoe’er the pure affections dwell
And strike a healthful root, is happiness.
——Placid and grateful, to his rest he sank;
But dreams, those wild magicians, which do play
Such pranks when reason slumbers, tireless wrought
Their will with him. Up rose the busy mart
Of his own native city, roof and spire
All glittering bright, in fancy’s fret-work ray,
Forth came remembered forms; with curving neck
The steed his boyhood nurtured proudly neighed,
The favorite dog, exulting round his feet
Frisked, with shrill, joyous bark; familiar doors
Flew open—greeting hands with his were linked
In friendship’s grasp—he heard the keen debate
From congregated haunts, where mind with mind
Doth blend and brighten—and till morning roved
’Mid the loved scenery of his father-land.

LESSON LXXXVII.

The Friendless Old Man.—NEELE.

‘ Old man, old man, thy locks are gray,
And the winter winds blow cold;
Why wander abroad on thy weary way,
And leave thy home’s warm fold?’

'The winter winds blow cold, 't is true,
And I am old to roam;
But I may wander the wide world through,
Ere I shall find my home.'

'And where do thy children loiter so long?
Have they left thee, thus old and forlorn,
To wander wild heather and hills among,
While they quaff from the lusty horn?'
'My children have long since sunk to rest,
To that rest which I would were my own;
I have seen the green turf placed over each breast,
And read each loved name on the stone.'

'Then haste to the friends of thy youth, old man,
Who loved thee in days of yore;
They will warm thy old blood with the foaming can,
And sorrow shall chill it no more.'
'To the friends of my youth in far distant parts,
Over moor, over mount, I have sped;
But the kind I found in their graves, and the hearts
Of the living were cold as the dead.'

The old man's cheek as he spake grew pale;
On the grass green sod he sank,
While the evening sun o'er the western vale
Set midst clouds and vapors dank.
On the morrow that sun in the eastern skies
Rose ruddy and warm and bright;
But never again did that old man rise
From the sod which he pressed that night.

LESSON LXXXVIII.

Friends. — MONTGOMERY.

FRIEND after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end:
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

Beyond the flight of Time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessed clime,
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A whole eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.

Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night,—
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

LESSON LXXXIX.

The Freed Bird.—MRS. HEMANS.

RETURN, return, my bird!
I have dressed thy cage with flowers,
Tis lovely as a violet bank
In the heart of forest bowers.

'I am free, I am free,—I return no more!
The weary time of the cage is o'er!
Through the rolling clouds I can soar on high,
The sky is around me—the blue bright sky!
'The hills lie beneath me, spread far and clear,
With their glowing heath-flowers and bounding deer,
I see the waves flash on the sunny shore—
I am free, I am free,—I return no more!'

Alas, alas, my bird!
Why seek'st thou to be free?
Wert thou not blest in thy little bower,
When thy song breathed nought but glee?

' Did my song of summer breathe nought but glee?
Did the voice of the captive seem sweet to thee?
Oh! hadst thou known its deep meaning well,
It had tales of a burning heart to tell.

' From a dream of the forest that music sprang,
Through its notes the peal of a torrent rang;
And its dying fall, when it soothed thee best,
Sighed for wild flowers and a leafy nest.'

Was it with thee thus, my bird?
Yet thine eye flashed clear and bright!
I have seen the glance of the sudden joy
In its quick and dewy light.

' It flashed with the fire of a tameless race,
With the soul of the wild wood, my native place!
With the spirit that panted through heaven to soar—
Woo me not back—I return no more!

' My home is high, amidst rocking trees,
My kindred things are the star and breeze,
And the fount unchecked in its lonely play,
And the odors that wander afar—away!'

Farewell, farewell, thou bird!
I have called on spirits gone,
And it may be *they* joy like thee to part,
Like thee that wert all my own.

' If they were captives, and pined like me,
Though love might calm them, they joyed to be free;
They sprung from the earth with a burst of power,
To the strength of their wings, to their triumph's hour;

' Call them not back when the chain is riven,
When the way of the pinion is all through heaven.
Farewell! With my song through the clouds I soar,
I pierce the blue skies—I am earth's no more!'

LESSON XC.

American Deer-Hunt.—FAY.

DURING a week's rest at a retired village, I casually mentioned that I had never seen a deer-hunt. A party was immediately formed; and the next morning, after an early breakfast, we set out under a perfectly cloudless sky, and through these immense woods, whose dying leaves, betraying the touch of the autumn frosts, covered the whole face of nature, as with a mantle of the most brilliant and opposite colors.

Here a tree, with foliage of the brightest orange, mingled its branches with one of the deepest gory red; while among the oaks, which displayed all the various shades of the rainbow, here and there towered the erect and lofty pine, with its deep, dark, and unfading green. This tract of land was but a few years ago owned and occupied by the Indians, who, in order to facilitate their hunting by clearing the ground, were accustomed to set on fire what they term the *under-brush*.

The pine-trees frequently suffered in the operation; and their burnt and blasted stumps are often discerned by the solitary traveller, like the frowning ghosts of that high-spirited and ruined race, lingering among the places, hallowed by habit and tradition, where the ashes of the heroic fathers sleep. In the summer they contrast strangely with the bright and tender green, the delicate sweet flowers which spring up around their root, and the fresh and feminine loveliness of the vines, which sometimes cling with living tendrils to their scathed, dead trunks.

At a large and commodious dwelling, although constructed of logs, and by its appearance fully entitled to the appellation of hut, we found a good-natured, hospitable old gentleman, with horns, guns, and hounds. A dozen of the latter were assembled in the road before the house, fully prepared to enter into the spirit of the sport. No one could comprehend what was going on more clearly than these worthy, impatient gentlemen. They were fine animals, with fine names, and in their eagerness and joy frequently drew upon them the rebuke of the old man.

Scarcely any brute creature expresses his sensations with

more manifest meaning than a dog. * * * It is necessary that a hunting party should consist of at least six or seven. One or two, termed drivers, with horns, horses, and hounds, ride to the grounds frequented by the deer, and the dogs soon catch the scent. There are certain known passages of the forest through which the timid animals, when affrighted, generally attempt to escape. One individual of the party is stationed at each of these; and in such an opening I found myself that bright morning, alone in the midst of these hushed and pathless forests, lurking, I almost thought, like a murderer, with my loaded piece, till the defenceless flying creature should spring upon his death.

The silence around me was perfectly delightful. I could hear nothing — not even the warbling of a bird — not the murmuring of the rill, for the stream by my side, instead of brawling and bubbling over its channel, had spread itself out into unbroken transparency. Across its bank, and accidentally answering the purposes of a bridge, a fallen tree was lying. Sometimes a playful fish leaped up from the brook, or glistened near the surface, as it turned its silver side to the sun; and sometimes a leaf, loosened from its branch, fell, and floated slowly to the ground in silence.

I was thinking how many millions of my fellow creatures drop off even thus in the shadowy places of life, and go down to the churchyard, with as little notice or interruption to the general business and joy and beauty of nature,—when the barking and yelping of the hounds came faintly through the distance, then nearer and nearer, till the whole chorus swelled on the breeze, and rung through the quiet wood, breaking strangely in upon its impressive stillness, with discordant sounds of riot and death.

You cannot conceive, unless you have experienced a similar moment, the almost painful eagerness and anxiety with which I watched to behold the victim appear through the trees. I heard a rustling among the dried leaves, and with desperate speed, and the whole bloody pack close at her heels, a large doe broke from the thicket, and passed near the place where I stood. Fleet as the wind she was springing by, when I gave a low whistle; on a sudden she stopped, and the fatal ball lodged in her shoulder; another and another stretched her on the ground. She was a most lovely and feminine creature.

Nothing could exceed the grace, cleanliness, and beauty of her form and limbs. The dark silky brown of her

back, the snowy whiteness of her neck, throat, and chest, and the almost human intelligence of her face, struck me with a strange feeling, of which those more familiar with the sight can form no idea. I confess, however unmanly it may have been, that a momentary horror ran through my frame, as the long lids, with their long lashes, fell over those large, dark, and beautiful eyes, while the swarthy huntsmen, with rough grasp and merry jokes, bound together her slender, tapering limbs, and one drew his long and glittering knife across her throat.

LESSON XCI.

Artifices of Animals.—SMELLIE.

THE artifices practised by animals proceed from several motives, many of which are purely instinctive, and others are acquired by experience and imitation. Upon this subject we shall give some examples, which may both amuse and inform the reader.

When a bear, or other rapacious animal, attacks cattle, they instantly join and form a phalanx for mutual defence. In the same circumstances, horses rank up in lines, and beat off the enemy with their heels. Pontoppidan tells us, that the small Norwegian horses, when attacked by bears, instead of striking with their hind legs, rear, and, by quick and repeated strokes with their fore feet, either kill the enemy, or oblige him to retire.

This curious, and generally successful defence, is frequently performed in the woods, while a traveller is sitting on the horse's back. It has often been remarked, that troops of wild horses, whether sleeping either in plains or in the forest, have always one of their number awake, who acts as a sentinel, and gives notice of any approaching danger.

Margraaf informs us, that the monkeys in Brazil, while they are sleeping on the trees, have uniformly a sentinel to warn them of the approach of the tiger or other rapacious animals; and that, if ever this sentinel is found sleeping, his companions instantly tear him in pieces for his neglect of duty.

For the same purpose, when a troop of monkeys are committing depredations on the fruits of a garden, a sentinel is

placed on an eminence, who, when any person appears, makes a certain chattering noise, which the rest understand to be a signal for retreat, and immediately fly off and make their escape.

THE DEER.

The deer kind are remarkable for the arts they employ in order to deceive the dogs. With this view the stag often returns twice or thrice upon his former steps. He endeavors to raise hinds or younger stags to follow him, and to draw off the dogs from the immediate object of their pursuit.

If he succeeds in this attempt, he then flies off with redoubled speed, or springs off at a side, and lies down on his belly to conceal himself. When in this situation, if by any means his foot is recovered by the dogs, they pursue him with more advantage, because he is now considerably fatigued. Their ardor increases in proportion to his feebleness; and the scent becomes stronger as he grows warm.

From these circumstances the dogs augment their cries and their speed; and, though the stag employs more arts of escape than formerly, as his swiftness is diminished, his doublings and artifices become gradually less effectual. No other resource is now left him but to fly from the earth which he treads, and go into the waters, in order to cut off the scent from the dogs, when the huntsmen again endeavor to put them on the track of his foot.

After taking to the water, the stag is so much exhausted that he is incapable of running much farther, and is soon *at bay*, or in other words, turns and defends himself against the hounds. In this situation he often wounds the dogs, and even the huntsmen, by blows with the horns, till one of them cuts his hams to make him fall, and then puts a period to his life.

THE HARE.

Hares possess not, like rabbits, the art of digging retreats in the earth. But they neither want instinct sufficient for their own preservation, nor sagacity for escaping their enemies. They form seats or nests on the surface of the ground where they watch, with the most vigilant attention, the approach of any danger. In order to deceive, they conceal themselves between clods of the same color with their own hair

When pursued, they first run with rapidity, and then double, or return upon their former steps. From the place of starting, the females run not so far as the males; but they double more frequently. Hares hunted in the place where they are brought forth, seldom remove to a great distance from it, but return to their form; and when chased two days successively, on the second day, they perform the same doublings they had practised the day before. When hares run straight out to a great distance, it is a proof that they are strangers.

‘I have seen a hare,’ Fouilloux remarks, ‘so sagacious, that, after hearing the hunter’s horn, he started from his form, and though at the distance of a quarter of a league, went to swim in a pool, and lay down on the rushes in the middle of it, without being chased by the dogs. I have seen a hare, after running two hours before the dogs, push another from his seat, and take possession of it. I have seen others swim over two or three ponds, the narrowest of which was eighty paces broad.

I have seen others, after a two hours’ chase, run into a sheepfold, and lie down among them. I have seen others when hard pushed, run in among a flock of sheep, and would not leave them. I have seen others, after hearing the noise of the hounds, conceal themselves in the earth. I have seen others run up one side of a hedge, and return by the other, when there was nothing else between them and the dogs. I have seen others, after running half an hour, mount an old wall six feet high, and clap down in a hole covered with ivy. Lastly, I have seen others swim over a river, of about eighty paces broad, oftener than twice, in the length of two hundred paces.’

LESSON XCII.

The Paper Kite.—NEWTON.

ONCE on a time, a paper kite,
Was mounted to a wondrous height,
Where, giddy with its *elevation*,
It thus expressed self-admiration:

‘ See how yon crowds of gazing people
Admire my flight above the steeple;

How would they wonder if they knew
All that a kite like me can do!

Were I but free, I'd take a flight,
And pierce the clouds beyond their sight;
But, oh! like a poor pris'ner bound,
My string confines me near the ground.

I'd brave the eagle's tow'ring wing,
Might I but fly without a string.'
(It tugged and pulled, while thus it spoke,
To break the string—at last it broke.)

Deprived at once of all its stay,
In vain it tried to soar away;
Unable its own weight to bear,
It fluttered downward through the air!
Unable its own course to guide,
The wind soon plunged it in the tide.

Ah! foolish kite, thou hast no wing;
How couldst thou fly without a string!

My heart replied, O Lord, I see
How much this kite resembles me;
Forgetful that by thee I stand,
Impatient of thy ruling hand;
How oft my foolish heart inclines
T' oppose that lot which heaven assigns
How oft indulged a vain desire,
For something more, or something higher,
And, but for grace and love divine,
A fall more dreadful had been mine.

LESSON XCIII.

The Web of the Spider.—BUFFON.

WHEN a house-spider purposes to begin a web, it first makes choice of some commodious spot, where there is an appearance of plunder and security. The animal then emits one little drop of a glutinous liquor, which is very tenacious, and then creeping up the wall, and joining its thread as it

proceeds, it darts itself in a surprising manner to the opposite place, where the other end of the web is to be fastened.

The first thread being thus formed, drawn tight, and fixed at each end, the spider then runs upon it backward and forward, still assiduously employed in doubling and strengthening it, as upon its force depends the stability of the whole. The scaffolding being thus completed, the spider makes a number of threads parallel to the first in the same manner, and then crosses them with others, the clammy substance of which they are formed serving to bind them together.

The insect, after this operation doubles and trebles the thread that borders its web, so as to prevent the wind from blowing the work away. The edges being thus fortified, the retreat is next to be attended to; and is thus formed like a funnel, at the bottom of the web, where the little creature lies concealed. To this are two passages, or outlets, one above and the other below, very artfully contrived to give it an opportunity of making excursions at proper seasons, of prying into every corner, and cleaning those parts which are observed to be clogged or encumbered.

If the outworks of the fortification be touched from without, the spider instantly prepares for attack or self-defence. If the insect touching be a fly, he springs forward with great agility; if, on the contrary, the assault comes from an enemy stronger than himself, he keeps within his fortress, and never ventures out till the danger be over.

It often happens that the wind, or the approach of some large animal, destroys in a minute the whole labor. In this case the spider is obliged to remain a patient spectator of the ruin: and, when the danger is past, sets about repairing the calamity. In general, the animal is fonder of mending than making; as it is furnished originally with but a certain quantity of glutinous matter, which when exhausted nothing can renew.

The time seldom fails to come, when their *reservoirs* are entirely dried up, and the poor animals are left to all the chances of irretrievable necessity. An old spider is thus frequently reduced to the greatest extremity: its web is destroyed, and it wants the materials to make a new one. But as it has been long accustomed to a life of shifting, it hunts about to find out the web of another spider, younger and weaker than itself, with whom it ventures a battle. The invader generally succeeds; the young one is driven out to make a new web, and the old one remains in quiet posses-

sion. If, however, the spider is unable to dispossess any other of its web, it then endeavors for awhile to subsist upon accidental depredation: but in two or three months it inevitably dies of hunger.

LESSON XCIV.

Complaint of the Dying Year.—JANE TAYLOR.

‘I AM the son of old father *Time*, and the last of a numerous progeny; for he has had upwards of five thousand of us; but it has ever been his fate to see one child expire before another was born. It is the opinion of some, that his own constitution is beginning to break up, and that, when he has given birth to a hundred or two more of us, his family will be complete, and then he himself will be no more.’

Thus the old year began his complaint. He then called for his account-book, and turned over the pages with a sorrowful eye. He has kept, it appears, an accurate account of the minutes, hours, and months which he has issued, and subjoined, in some places, memorandums of the uses to which they have been applied, and of the losses he has sustained.

These particulars it would be tedious to detail; but we must notice one circumstance; upon turning to a certain page in his accounts, the old man was much affected, and the tears streamed down his furrowed cheeks as he examined it. This was the register of the fifty-two Sundays which he had issued; and which, of all the wealth he had to dispose of, has been, it appears, the most scandalously wasted. ‘These,’ said he, ‘were my most precious gifts. Alas! how lightly have they been esteemed!’

‘I feel, however,’ said he, ‘more pity than indignation towards these offenders, since they were far greater enemies to themselves than to me. But there are a few outrageous ones, by whom I have been defrauded of so much of my substance, that it is difficult to think of them with patience, particularly that notorious thief *Procrastination*, of whom every body has heard, and who is well known to have wronged my venerable father of much of his property.

‘There are also three noted ruffians, *Sleep*, *Sloth*, and *Pleasure*, from whom I have suffered much; besides a certain busybody called *Dress*, who, under pretence of making the

most of me, and taking great care of me, steals away more of my gifts than any two of them.

‘As for me, all must acknowledge that I have performed my part towards my friends and foes. I have fulfilled my utmost promise, and been more bountiful than many of my predecessors. My twelve fair children have, each in their turn, aided my exertions; and their various tastes and dispositions have all conduced to the general good.

‘Mild *February*, who sprinkled the naked boughs with delicate buds, and brought her wonted offering of early flowers, was not of more essential service than that rude blustering boy, *March*, who, though violent in his temper, was well-intentioned and useful.—*April*, a gentle, tender-hearted girl, wept for his loss, yet cheered me with many a smile.

‘*June* came crowned with roses, and sparkling in sunbeams, and laid up a store of costly ornaments for her luxuriant successors. But I cannot stop to enumerate the good qualities and graces of all my children. You, my poor *December*, dark in your complexion, and cold in your temper, greatly resemble my first-born *January*, with this difference, that he was most prone to anticipation, and you to reflection.

‘It is very likely that, at least after my decease, many may reflect upon themselves for their misconduct towards me. To such I would leave it as my dying injunction, not to waste time in unavailing regret; all their wishes and repentance will not recall me to life. I would rather earnestly recommend to their regard my youthful successor, whose appearance is shortly expected. I cannot hope to survive long enough to introduce him; but I would fain hope, that he will meet with a favorable reception; and that, in addition to the flattering honors which greeted my birth, and the fair promises which deceived my hopes, more diligent exertion, and more persevering efforts, may be expected. Let it be remembered that one honest endeavor is worth ten fair promises.’

LESSON XCV.

Avalanches.

THE avalanches, or snow-balls, which sometimes gather and roll down the sides of the mountains on the Alps, are equally surprising and dangerous to travellers; they are oc-

casioned by the dropping of a quantity of snow from some prominent rock, which increases as it falls down the steep declivities, till it becomes of a prodigious size, and sweeps away houses, trees, men, horses, or whatever it meets with in its passage.

As they fall suddenly, and with great rapidity, it is very difficult for passengers to avoid them; and nothing is able to resist their force till they get to the bottom, where they are generally broken in pieces by the violence of the shock. Some of these mountain snow-balls have been found, by measuring their track, to be above a hundred yards in diameter; and one of them, in the year 1695, fell upon a village in the night time, and destroyed eleven houses, besides barns and stables, burying men, women, and cattle in the ruins.

These terrible accidents are sometimes produced even by the leaping of a chamois, the firing of a pistol, or any noise that shakes the air, and loosens the snow from the rocks above: for which reason, in places of the greatest danger, people are careful to travel early, and with all possible silence. Some of these avalanches, indeed, are not so destructive; for, consisting of new fallen snow, driven by the wind, they are lighter, and persons buried under them may live a long time without being suffocated, and are often relieved by men kept in pay to clear the roads, and give assistance on such occasions.



LESSON XCVI.

The Steamboat on Trial.—ABBOTT.

THE Bible every where conveys the idea that this life is not our home, but a state of probation, that is, of *trial and discipline*, which is intended to prepare us for another. In order that all, even the youngest of my readers, may understand what is meant by this, I shall illustrate it by some familiar examples, drawn from the actual business of life.

When a large steam-boat is built, with the intention of having her employed upon the waters of a great river, she must be *proved* before put to service. Before trial, it is somewhat doubtful whether she will succeed. In the first place, it is not absolutely certain whether her machinery will work at all. There may be some flaw in the iron, or

an imperfection in some part of the workmanship, which will prevent the motion of her wheels. Or if this is not the case, the power of the machinery may not be sufficient to propel her through the water, with such force as to overcome the current; or she may, when brought to encounter the rapids at some narrow passage in the stream, not be able to force her way against their resistance.

The engineer, therefore, resolves to try her in all these respects, that her security and her power may be properly *proved* before she is intrusted with her valuable cargo of human lives. He cautiously builds a fire under her boiler; he watches with eager interest the rising of the steam-gage, and scrutinizes every part of the machinery, as it gradually comes under the control of the tremendous power, which he is cautiously applying.

With what interest does he observe the first stroke of the ponderous piston!—and when, at length, the fastenings of the boat are let go, and the motion is communicated to the wheels, and the mighty mass slowly moves away from the wharf, how deep and eager an interest does he feel in all her movements, and in every indication he can discover of her future success!

The engine, however, works imperfectly, as every one must on its first trial; and the object in this experiment is not to gratify idle curiosity, by seeing that she will move, but to discover and remedy every little imperfection, and to remove every obstacle which prevents more entire success. For this purpose, you will see our engineer examining, most minutely and most attentively, every part of her complicated machinery. The crowd on the wharf may be simply gazing on her majestic progress, as she moves off from the shore, but the engineer is within, looking with faithful examination into all the minutæ of the motion.

He scrutinizes the action of every lever and the friction of every joint; here he oils a bearing, there he tightens a nut; one part of the machinery has too much play, and he confines it—another too much friction, and he loosens it; now he stops the engine, now reverses her motion, and again sends the boat forward in her course. He discovers, perhaps, some great improvement of which she is susceptible, and when he returns to the wharf and has extinguished her fire, he orders from the machine-shop the necessary alteration.

The next day he puts his boat to the trial again, and she glides over the water more smoothly and swiftly than before.

The jar which he had noticed is gone, and the friction reduced; the beams play more smoothly, and the alteration which he has made, produces a more equable motion in the shaft, or gives greater effect to the stroke of the paddles upon the water.

When at length her motion is such as to satisfy him, upon the smooth surface of the river he turns her course, we will imagine, toward the rapids, to see how she will sustain a greater trial. As he increases her steam, to give her power to overcome the new force with which she has to contend, he watches, with eager interest, her boiler, inspects the gage and the safety-valves, and, from her movements under the increased pressure of her steam, he receives suggestions for further improvements, or for precautions which will insure greater safety.

These he executes, and thus he perhaps goes on for many days, or even weeks, trying and examining, for the purpose of improvement, every working of that mighty power, to which he knows hundreds of lives are soon to be intrusted. This now is probation—*trial for the sake of improvement*. And what are its results? Why, after this course has been thoroughly and faithfully pursued, this floating palace receives upon her broad deck, and in her carpeted and curtained cabins, her four or five hundred passengers, who pour in, in one long procession of happy groups, over the bridge of planks;—father and son—mother and children—young husband and wife—all with implicit confidence trusting themselves and their dearest interests to her power.

See her as she sails away—how beautiful and yet how powerful are all her motions! That beam glides up and down gently and smoothly in its grooves, and yet gentle as it seems, hundreds of horses could not hold it still; there is no apparent violence, but every movement is withal most irresistible power. How graceful is her form, and yet how mighty is the momentum with which she presses on her way.

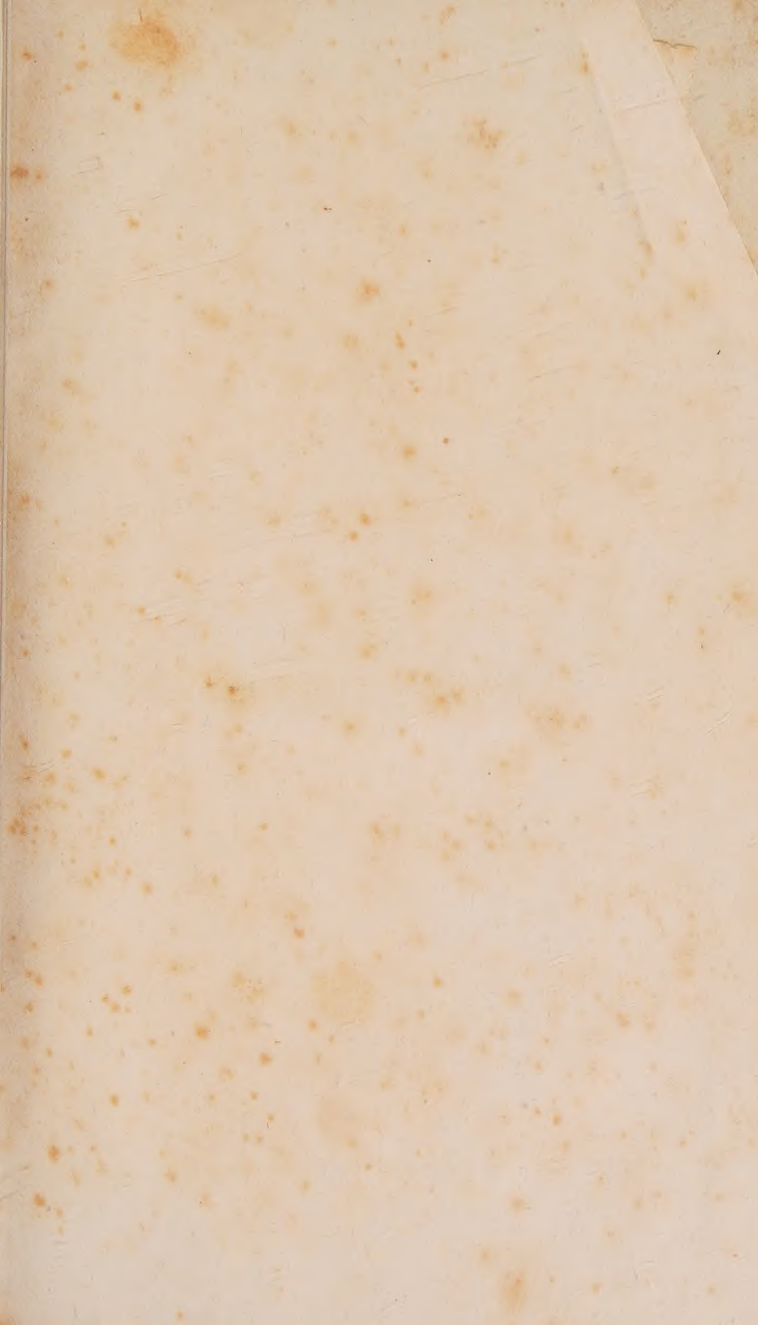
Loaded with life, and herself the very symbol of life and power, she seems something ethereal—unreal, which, ere we look again, will have vanished away. And though she has within her bosom a furnace glowing with furious fires, and a reservoir of death—the elements of most dreadful ruin and conflagration—of destruction the most complete, and agony the most unutterable; and though her strength is equal to the united energy of two thousand men, she restrains it all.

She was constructed by genius, and has been *tried* and improved by fidelity and skill; and one man governs and controls her, stops her and sets her in motion, turns her this way and that, as easily and certainly as the child guides the gentle lamb. She walks over the hundred and sixty miles of her route without rest and without fatigue, and the passengers, who have slept in safety in their berths, with destruction by water without, and by fire within, defended only by a plank from the one, and by a sheet of copper from the other, land at the appointed time in safety.

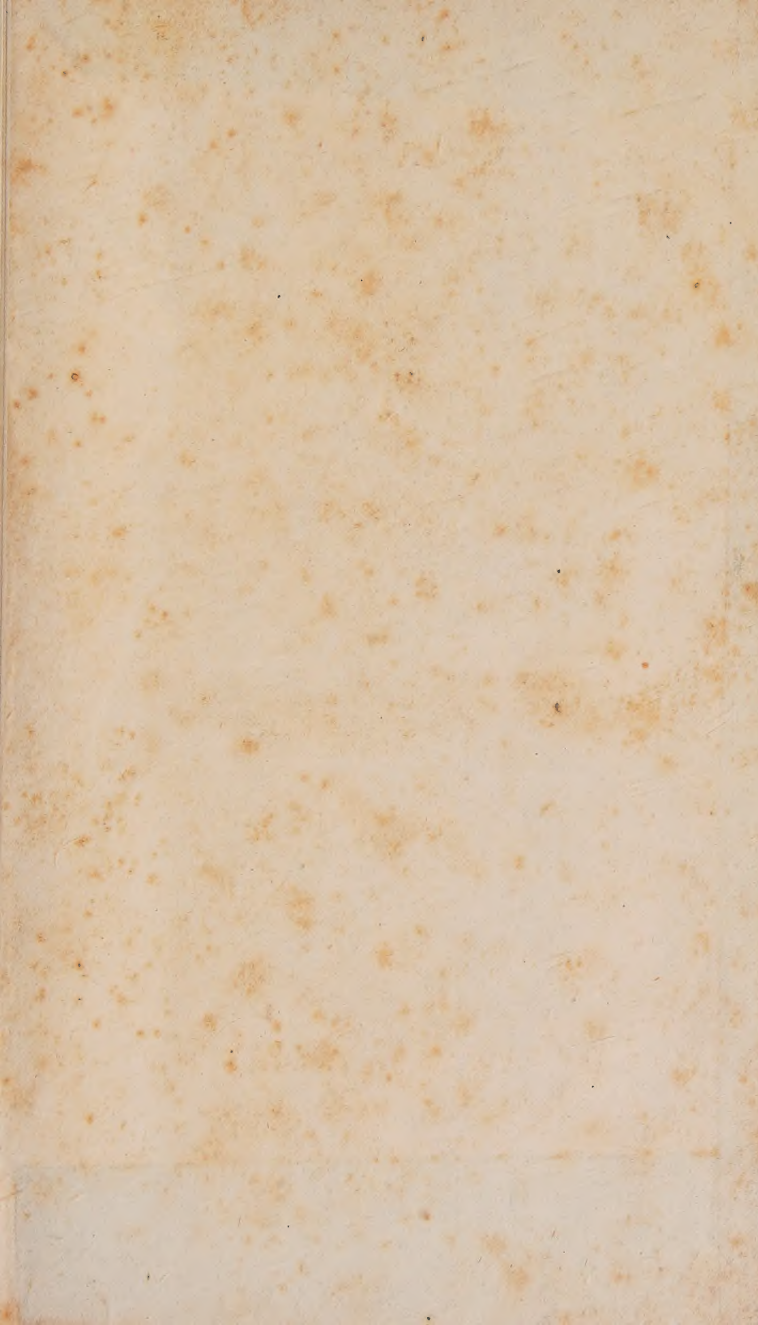
My reader, you have within you susceptibilities and powers, of which you have little present conception, energies, which are hereafter to operate in producing fulness of enjoyment or horrors of suffering, of which you now but little conceive. You are now on *trial*. God wishes you to prepare yourself for safe and happy action. He wishes you to look within, to examine the complicated movements of your heart, to detect what is wrong, to modify what needs change, and rectify every irregular motion.

You go out to try your moral powers upon the stream of active life, and then return to retirement, to improve what is right and remedy what is wrong. Renewed opportunities of moral practice are given you, that you may go on from strength to strength, until every part of that complicated moral machinery, of which the human heart consists, will work as it ought to work, and is prepared to accomplish the mighty purposes for which your powers are designed. You are *on trial* — *on probation* now. You will enter upon *active service* in another world.

THE END.







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